



SEPT/OCT 2005

E2 75

## THE LAND OF THE DEAD ISSUE

# LITTLE WHITE LIES

*Truth & Movies*

THE LONDON  
EXORCIST

LORDS OF  
DOGTOWN

ROCK STARS  
CHEAT DEATH

BROKEN  
FLOWERS

ZOMBIE  
REVOLUTION

A HISTORY  
OF VIOLENCE

George A.  
Romero talks  
**Land of  
the Dead**  
"My sympathies  
always lie with  
the zombies"



**“ZOMBIES, MAN.  
THEY CREEP ME OUT.”**

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY  
Paul Wittingly  
WORDS BY Andrew Bonham



# CHAPTER ONE IN WHICH WE DISCUSS LAND OF THE DEAD

DIRECTED BY John Dahl  
STARRING Denzel Washington  
Gary Oldman, Mila Kunis, Jesse  
Branson, Rick Alderson, John  
Cullum, and others

SCREENPLAY BY  
George A. Lopez

RELEASED  
The Book of Eli

Bush, Blair, Baghdad  
and Bin Laden: there's  
been a lot to chew on  
since Night became  
Day. Now the zombies  
are back, and it's  
feeding time in George  
A. Romero's *Land of  
the Dead*.

## Some movies feel like a warning.

This is the cinematic  
equivalent of DEFCON One. George Romero is back behind the camera,  
the undead are reanimated and body parts are flying. Somebody,  
somewhere, fucked up bad. Welcome to the Land of the Dead.

It was the same story in '68. Set against a tapestry of nuclear crisis,  
Romero's *Night of the Living Dead* was a revolting and revelatory  
parable of social disintegration. Itched with disaffection and a bloody  
redolence born of Cold War nightmares.

**But times change.** Though  
the Cold War is over, something  
infinitely hotter rears from the ashes.  
We still live in a world of paranoia,  
the only difference is it's been given  
terrifying immediacy by fanatics,  
bombings and the very real threat to  
everyday people leading everyday  
lives. The generation of students  
who took to the streets of Paris  
shouting "No God! No Masters!" did  
so under the cloud of a distant  
threat. Today, the War on Terror



**“IF YOU’RE GOING TO  
COME OUT SWINGING  
AFTER 20 YEARS IN THE  
WILDERNESS, YOU BETTER  
MAKE SURE YOU LAND YOUR  
PUNCHES. BUT FOR ALL ITS  
TEETH, LAND OF THE DEAD  
HASN’T THE BITE, THE BALLS  
OR THE BRAINS OF A TRULY  
GREAT HORROR MOVIE.”**

is global, and global war means your own back garden becomes a battleground

So if you're going to come out swinging after 20 years in the wilderness, you better make sure you land your punches. But for all its teeth, *Land of the Dead* hasn't the bite, the balls or the brains of a truly great horror movie

**A zombie epidemic has swept mankind aside leaving as outpost of survivors in the compound of Fiddler's Green. Protected on three sides by water and fortified by electric fences, its heart is a giant skyscraper – a last, solemn symbol of 21st century America and a juicy-eee target for any self-respecting zombie horde. The city is governed by Kaufman (Dennis Hopper), a ruthless suit, murderously protecting the interests of the rich. Pert (CEO), port Romero Emperor, he turns Fiddler's Green into a gilded cage, shielded by wealth and policed by a private army**

**Outside, the world is abandoned to the undead. But these are no ordinary zombies: after all these years, Romero has back-tracked on old allegiances. There is a melancholy to their sad lives – a lost memory of living that throws their tragic imitation into painful relief. They are guileless, innocent even, whether rasping pathetically at old instruments or clutching useless tools. These are the real victims of the apocalypse, no more guilty of their nature than a rabid dog. They are cinema's most unlikely anti-heroes.**

But their melancholy is shattered by the human militia. Gangs of survivors sweep the towns like rednecks on a turkey shoot, searching for food and supplies. Led by Riley (Simon Baker) and the rascally Cholo (Laz Alonso), they kill without conscience, until the unthinkable happens: after one brutal raid, the zombies mobilise under Big Daddy, a black garage attendant, and take the fight to Fiddler's Green

**Land of the Dead is Romero's attempt to confront our post-9/11 landscape. But in its confusion, naivety and lack of moral complexity, it reflects an image of contemporary America that is subversive only in its unintentional honesty**

Perhaps this is inevitable. In '68, campus riots and civil unrest created a platform of debate that encouraged radical, abrasive filmmaking. But that America died in New York. Its centre of gravity shifted decisively to the Right, while its forces internalised. Far from being a wake-up call, 9/11 spelt the end of alternative national opposition

**For Romero, this drastic change in the dynamics of American life removed the platform that sustained his filmmaking. What seemed incendiary in the '60s, '70s and '80s is unconvincing today. He wants to engage with big ideas – occupation, oppression, revolution – but he's doing it in a climate of liberal fear. If there is legitimate opposition out there, it's no longer attuned to Hollywood where the grubby influences of**





ludding, money and the ever-present threat of the SAC out of a threat of intelligent political thinking.

Oh, but there are flashes of the old fight. In '68, Romero attacked the concept of Us versus Them that defined the Cold War struggle, showing his audience that terror itself could be just as dangerous as the enemy you think you fear. Now he wants to go a step further — to argue that the real enemy isn't the massed army on your doorstep, but the structures and behaviour of the society that put it there.

Our society big Daddy where the history of occupied people in armed struggle. Struggles that stretch from Algeria to Afghanistan. To Romero, the zombies are a flesh-eating Civil Rights movement: an undead insurgency, a definitely non-violent popular uprising.

But where Martin Luther King had a dream, what does Big Daddy have? These zombies

think, because they are... what? They're not conscious, politically or otherwise. You want human attributes to define them? Fine: they're sociopathic rats with an insatiable instinct to feed. What this isn't, is an insurgency, and the zombies are not revolutionaries.

A revolution without the bedrock of higher ideals is a rot. And no matter how Romero spins it, there's no higher ideal when it comes to zombies: no principles or politics, no tragic inner yearning or cruel oppression. What's the rationale of his youth: were hungry for freedom and justice, zombies are just hungry. So who cares if reckless corporate hierarchies hurt their feelings? Better to survive in the grimy embrace of capitalism than to be torn apart by an army of homicidal corpses. Ironically this is exactly the attitude that America's Right wing backs up to the War on Terror, so why, with so many legitimate targets, so many questions unasked, is Romero wasting his time on this bit concerned crusade?

Even if they were revolutionaries, at a time when occupation and insurgency are emotive words, it's incumbent on Romero to be clear about his sympathies. Hoary it may be, but one man's freedom fighter

is another man's terrorist. These zombies are abused and impacted, forced to mobilise against an enemy that views them through a lens of ignorant misunderstanding. Wrap a bomb to their back, and they'd shuffle off to the nearest subway station. Is that reactionary? Is Romero being subversive? Doesn't he see the implications? The subversion is in debilitating

Fiddler's Green itself is more fertile allegorical ground. Here, march into black-on-white army in silhouette of the police state, while Kaufman's army fight a dirty war of imprisonment and assassination. Zombies are tortured for the amusement of survivors, and are vilified as they're thrown into cages for food. It is a sly evocation of Abu Ghraib, but what resonates more clearly is the last gasp of a society in trouble, where a veneer of entertainment masks reality as an outlet of mass relief.

This is more like the Romero of old, but then here come all his ideas are suspect. When the walls crumble, the media's grizzled treatment is rooted out to the side rich. Few are spared a gruesome end. But more disturbing than the gore (seen one downblowdown, seen them all, it's the feeling that they deserved

it. Witness, by contrast, the miraculous survival of the working-class insurrection. Forget the dead when did America become the land of class-conscious hypo-crisy?

It's not hard to imagine pop culture scribes 30 years from now looking back on *Land of the Dead* as a movie that captured a sense of frustration at the abuse of power by wealthy elites. Where words like 'terrorist' and 'jihad' were manipulated and abused. It's no surprise to hear that the script was rewritten post-9/11, but in reality, its attempt to reflect a broader, international outlook never gets off the ground.

You wonder if the Romero of 1968 would recognize the film he's made today. But worse, you wonder if we, looking back 30 years ourselves, heap false praise on his earlier films. Were they really necessary? Did they capture the mood of a generation? Or is that what we'd like to believe? Maybe they're just cool zombie flicks that gained a cult of admirers, and maybe that's enough.





But though we can question Romero's legend, in the end, it doesn't matter. Legends have a life of their own. And though *Land of the Dead* has neither the chills of recent classic *The Descent* or the memorable lines of its predecessors, it's a solidly crafted action flick, flush with violence, relentlessly paced and just that bit demented to boot. What it lacks is a sense of occasion — that this is the long-awaited return of the genre's master craftsman. It feels like a studio picture, like the extra-budget came at the price of Romero's special brand of crazy. Without the jagged edges, it doesn't really feel like Romero at all.

***Land of the Dead* is a disappointment, but only because we expected so much. In '68, Dylan sang that the times were changing, but perhaps we get the times that we deserve, and in its own way, the zombie movie follows. Ultimately the equivalence that Romero was searching for, that link between the world of his movie and our world is best expressed in an experience shared by visitor and viewer: eventually, it all comes down to being gutted. ■**

# An interview with George A. Romero

**LWL:** In your own words, what is *Land of the Dead* about?

**GEORGE A. ROMERO:** I wrote it before 9/11 when it was about AIDS and poverty and the vanishing middle class. Of course, after 9/11 everybody wanted to make friendly movies. So I waited about a year and a half then took it off the shelf and adjusted it. I put in more imagery that related to 9/11 and then new post-9/11 stuff, but I don't try to put it in your face. You know, I think... Hepper - who is he? Is he somebody to be made? I don't know. Most American teenagers are just gonna go for the blood and guts.

**LWL:** Who do your sympathies lie with in the film: the zombies, Chris or the anarchists?

**GAR:** My sympathies always lie with the zombies. They're becoming more and more human, and the humans are becoming, you know, dehumanized and more cruel on time goes on. But the actual references are more just my impression, I look on it as an analogy... I don't know, I think I'm more of a... a sort of chronicler.

**LWL:** When *Nail-Dead* came out in 1968 it was a time of political agitation. There was a feeling that politics mattered. Can you make a movie like that in the climate that we have today?

**GAR:** No, well you're not supposed to. Actually I'm under the radar. I'm not Richard Nixon. You know, I'm just some guy they don't really care about, it's not like I have anybody watching my house. I think really those of us who were involved in the sixties thought we were successful in making some permanent changes but, you know, we failed.

**LWL:** How would you characterize the years between *Day of the Dead* and making *Land of the Dead*? Do you wish things had worked out differently? Was it a frustrating period for you?

**GAR:** Very frustrating and disappointing. There were projects that I really wanted to do. *The Man* was actually greenlit, but then MGM wouldn't let me out of my contract on a project called *Before I Wake*. I had all these projects, I was making a lot of dough, but nobody was making any movies. So I fed. I ran away and I went to Canada. Film and they financed *Sniper*.

**LWL:** Do you worry that your low profile over this period stuck you with a certain image? And that it stratified you in a way?

**GAR:** I've been stratified for a long time, you know, and I don't really... I don't worry about it now. I'm not a Hollywood guy. I don't care. I'm happy to be allowed to do what I'm doing. They don't trust us, they don't get us.

**LWL:** Do you feel like the 28-year-old director of *Land of the Dead* would recognize the George Romero of *Land of the Dead*?

**GAR:** I don't think that I could recognize myself, no, but I'm comfortable. I'm feeling pretty chilled about it.

**LWL:** If you could give one piece of advice to the 15-year-old George who got arrested for throwing a burning cherry off a roof, what would that be?

**GAR:** I'd say get out and do something. My advice is always get out and fucking do it.

Check out the complete, unabridged transcript at [www.livewhithromero.com](http://www.livewhithromero.com)



There is a legend,  
and I don't believe he makes anymore  
Walick look prelate. This promise to  
be a film to define an age. The

Party and energetic,  
but lacking from the like. You won't  
break the edge of your soul, but  
don't if you won't be winning from  
time to time. The

It's impossible to  
are making, and if it proves you  
to serious thought, it won't be to  
the film's ultimate benefit. The



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"And so when man and horse go down  
Beside a whet horn,  
Or in a roaring charge or fierce melee  
You stop a bullet clean,  
And the bullets come to get your scalp,  
Just empty your canteen,  
And put your pistol to your head  
And go to Fiddlers' Green."

*American Cowboy Song, Fred.*

## CHAPTER TWO

# IN WHICH WE INTRODUCE OURSELVES

LWLike:

This is a question that we're going to be asking all the people we interview: It's kind of the spark that sets up our story. So, what we would like to know of you is: what is it you love about movies?

George A. Romero:

About movies?

LWLike:

Yep.

George A. Romero:

Can you give me a couple of days? Well, you know, what I love about movies most is that it was my escape, man. I grew up in the Bronx, we never had any dough, I was a Spanish kid getting beat up by the Italians. It showed me another world, it gave me new thoughts, it opened up worlds to me...

I mean, that's why. It's a medium that... I was a kid that never, you know, I never studied the arts, you know, I was lucky to get through geography. To me, it opened the world up to me, and it was also private-- it was something that I could go and do and think about on my own and mold up my own thoughts, and it was a way to escape finally, and a way to escape the streets. You know, I grew up in West Side Story, so that's what it did for me-- And then I started... I never thought I would become a filmmaker -- I thought you had to be born royalty or something. But I just loved it, I mean, it opened up the world, that's really what it is.



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CAN'T PULL THEM APART

W&W

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W&W

W&W



What do you have to say for yourselves?  
 editors@zombiepower.co.uk

ZWLIVE strives to be a forum for the creative, passionate discussion of movies. And now we need you to have your say. It's a world of ideas and we want to hear from *you*. Write something, thought-provoking, and we might just use it to give you one of 25 limited edition ZWLIVE Issue 1 'Zombie Power' t-shirts (see above), printed exclusively for us by Supreme Being.

IN AN ISSUE THAT IS DARING  
 AROUND CHALLENGING ZOMBIE MOVIES  
 AND ZOMBIE CULTURE, WHY DID YOU  
 HAVE TO PRESENT THE EDITORIAL  
 AND CREATORIAL IDEA OF ZOMBIE  
 BOOKS BEING GOOD? Even  
 though you discuss (briefly) why  
 zombie book fairs are considered  
 awful, you still present  
 those entitled advertisements with  
 headlines like "Good Love".  
 Surely such headlines and V for  
 Vendetta in the way, it's time  
 that you'd go the reverse  
 they deserved?

E. Emerson, Newcastle

Our review of *Don Dicky* stressed  
 the fact that it was time  
 for cinema to stand up and  
 demand respect on their own  
 terms. They are a legitimate  
 art form and an independent  
 cultural touchstone. The *Don  
 Dicky* crew challenged rather  
 than perpetuated outdated  
 stereotypes, though it did so  
 at times with ironic headlines

Well, William, I wanted to  
 subscribe to your magazine but  
 the otherwise complaints that  
 sometimes come from within  
 wouldn't allow me to sign up  
 a page. I wondered therefore  
 if you could afford them.

Subscription and also if there  
 was any other way I could sign  
 up? Sorry if I'm bothering you  
 too far.

Ryle, via email  
 Good man Ryle - you should  
 never defend a quality  
 magazine, at just isn't right.  
 Start some details on an email  
 and a cheque in the post (see  
 page 111) and we'll sort it out  
 for you. And no, don't worry,  
 you didn't make us

I THINK YOU WERE A BIT BARK  
 UNWINDING THE IN YOUR TOP  
 DOWN COUNTRY IN THE WORLD. I  
 LOVED IN THE FOR OUR YEARS  
 AND EXPERIENCED VERY LITTLE  
 VIOLENCE OR CRIME. When moving  
 to London however, I have been  
 mugged twice in eight months.  
 41 Lamb, London  
 We've seen *Don Dicky* Oh God, you  
 can't deal me...

I can't believe you have fallen  
 like everyone else in the  
 moment. For Frank Miller's  
 screen, manuscript, and  
 gratuitously violent world-  
 view. The man is a well-thought  
 person with a witty school-  
 bully like cruel streak as far  
 that he pretends to be kind as



has a wide-eyed corner. There  
 are some great zombie movies  
 in cinema, but Frank Miller is  
 making his a dirty old man re-  
 working the same simple story  
 again and again.

J Knight, via email

Frank Miller deserves his place  
 in the pantheon of great comic  
 writer / artists, but we'd be  
 the first to agree that *Don  
 Dicky* isn't his most broadly  
 accessible work. That it uses  
 the style of '40s noir doesn't  
 excuse the graphic misogyny and  
 glacial violence. However, his  
 work as *Batman* in particular  
 did as much as anybody to  
 rescue a creatively stagnant  
 industry and heal the medium  
 closer to the limelight.

Well, I'm not sure about your  
 conversation interview. There  
 are two more we see about *The  
 Jokers* - were they passed on  
 something? I don't want to read  
 reviews about movies by people  
 who are mental drunks. No more.  
 Same reason.

Anybody who's ever been for a  
 drink after a film and heard one  
 of the most boring, patronising  
 analyses never committed to  
 paper knows how dreadful

the pub can be as a forum  
 for creative discussion.  
 Nevertheless you got a tape  
 full of randomness, but we'll  
 carry on taking our chances.

What the hell was up with your  
 review of *Don Dicky*? It said  
 Robinson guy wants to put on  
 comic-book review, maybe he  
 should take a look at what else  
 exists on Amazon! Instead  
 of looking at *Don Dicky*,  
 which was obviously awesome.  
 Roy Woodhouse

William merely refused to hop  
 onto the hype that great  
 technical breakthroughs and  
 cinematic adherence to the source  
 material makes for a compelling  
 movie experience. In short, our  
 argument against Rodriguez's  
 film was that, while enjoyable  
 to a degree, it offered no  
 cinematic vision of its own to  
 name. And while attempting  
 to recreate the spirit of  
 the source, it simply shone  
 an unforgiving light on the  
 differences between the two  
 media - of pacing, dialogue,  
 violence and writing. Yes,  
 it had ambition and creative  
 freedom, but both were  
 ultimately misapplied.



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**CHAPTER THREE**  
**IN WHICH WE**  
**DISCUSS THEMES OF**  
**UNCOMMON INTEREST**  
**INSPIRED BY OUR**  
**FEATURE FILM**



# THE EXORCIST

FORGET THE HEADLINES AND IGNORE THE HYSTERIA. L@ZIES BRINGS YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT LONDON VODOO – STRAIGHT FROM THE SOURCE.

WORDS BY MONISHA RAJESH  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROB LONGWORTH

“The first time I saw a zombie I was nine years-old. It was late at night, in a cemetery, with my father and grandfather, and I watched it coming slowly out of a coffin.”

Malcolm Roussaint mixes his drink, his hand glinting like he's just raided Mr T's jewellery collection, and smiles. It's midday, warm, and George Michael's pink halcyons flash briefly on the TV screen in a quiet Made Vele pub. Roussaint's eyes are closing in the sun and he groans, adding, “I asked them what it was but they replied that I was too young and it was too complicated to explain to an unlearned mind. After that I regularly saw zombies when we went to the cemeteries to help people.” Roussaint is a 77-year-old bouncer, a Voodoo high-priest, descended from the first liberators of Haiti who led the fight for independence from France in 1804. The Haitian rebels used Voodoo against the colonisers, altering the Western world's view of the tiny Caribbean island and its African slaves. They could only watch as Voodoo dug its heels deep into black culture.

# Poussaint was

initiated by his grandfather at an early age, so his mind could grow within the religion and its ideologies. He shifts on his little stool and mutters in quiet Orishá to his interpreter, Collin, who looks over his shoulder a couple of times before whispering "It's really not for the squeamish – you see things that you shouldn't see, you go to places you shouldn't go." He pauses as a small gnarled hand touches his knee, and the priest adds as an afterthought, "It can also bring death as well if you are not careful."

He does not consult with the ordinary public – his services are recommended through word of mouth. He does not want to be recognised by people, and even his children are unaware that he is so deeply immersed in the religion. Spiritually, he claims to be capable of almost anything. Turning to his interpreter, he taps gently on his knee and tells him to let me know that if I ever want a promotion, help with my love life or anything far that matter, to go to him.

Holistically, Vodoo is a religion of the elements. Combined with a unique sense of spirituality, it forms a cosmic amalgam of the ancestral deities that came out of Africa in the 16th century (and ages before). Immersion of the mind, spirit and body is paramount, as is an extra large dose of bravery – this is no place for the light-hearted dabbles of the inquisitive. Contrary to popular belief, Vodoo is no mere cult. Poussaint explains how black people resorted to Vodoo to defend themselves from genocide and colonization. It was used as an unknown defence that the Western colonisers could not comprehend. He says, "When the soldiers were fighting against us, they were actually fighting spiritual beings on the battle field. When they fired bows and arrows, nothing happened to our Haitian soldiers. France was defeated as the houngans were able to defend their country with the help of zombies. It's horrific for anyone to have their country under occupation and the only means we had were so successful in winning the war, that Vodoo was immediately condemned."

## "It's a black thing."

The black man is hated by the world, which is why Vodoo was so feared. When we found a way to liberate ourselves and protect ourselves through Vodoo, the Western world panicked. We were slaves, we were nothing, and suddenly we emerged as people, and their reaction was to undermine it and bring out the worst aspects. Vodoo empowered us and brought success, so the Western world typically condemned what they feared. Because it is exclusively black and they cannot work their way into it, they chose to condemn it."

Dispelling the myths surrounding Vodoo, Poussaint is amused by the misconceptions around Vodoo dolls – though he admits to having used them before, to be the tongue of someone who was speaking evil of him. Vodoo dolls are an effigy of a victim made from clay. Pins signify the weapon or object intended to bring them harm. Like Vodoo as a whole, you have to be initiated into their use, and be trained to use the correct incantations, jans, and spirits. Collin admits that the dolls are only used for evil and explains: "If someone doesn't want you to have kids they will tie up the reproductive organs or put the pins in that area and say they want them destroyed. If they want to blind you, they will stick them in the eyes. It really isn't for the faint-hearted and you must be mentally prepared for it."

Poussaint explains that the spirits are nothing like human beings, and Vodoo is used for good as well as bad – it can just as easily be invoked benevolently.

Unfortunately, Vodoo is largely synonymous with all things dark – evil and sinister, conjuring up images of human sacrifice and rubbing chili powder into little girls' eyes before drowning them in sacks. That's not Vodoo, though – but Késeté – a very devilish form of witchcraft seen in the 19th French film, *Live and Let Die*. Popular culture, and film in particular, have animated extremist cults with the same oils, casting a false light on the Vodoo religion. Poussaint scowls and shakes his head explaining that the two are poles apart – Késeté is worse than any fundamentalist extreme of Vodoo. It comes from Jamaica, is still practiced in Africa and is purely used for evil.

## Despite the omnipotence

and omnipresence of the Vodoo spirits, and their ability to do good, Poussaint stresses that, in laymen's terms, you still shouldn't mess with them – As the spirits should never be irritated or disturbed, there are three windows for communication, at dawn, dusk and midnight. These should always be respected if you value your own life. During these times, four main spirits can be contacted for specific purposes. *Satan Samedi* (Baron of the Cemetery) – most famous as the '007 Bond' bodice played by



Geoffrey Holder: *reincarnates an enigmatic silhouette* Shango, the god of lightning who controls the earth, and Oshun

## Colin takes the reins as the gods

beckons the priest and his second pint of Stella. He looks around again: as a small, scowling old man with a corner bag emerges from behind a pillar by our table only to back away, eyes on Stella, and make for the opposite side of the pub, staring at us in confusion as he picks up pace. Evidently, talking about Voodoo isn't for the faint-hearted either. Now, certain that the vicinity is clear of eavesdroppers, and with the priest looking rejuvenated, Colin explains that Shango would be convicted if someone needed to be acquitted during a court case. He explains: "He is a black man, very dark in appearance who wears a green skirt." The priest suddenly grips his arm and says to Colin: "Eile n'a ges peur?" I understand that he's worried I'm being frightened by the ideas, intrigued maybe, but certainly not frightened. Colin continues: "Oshun is the ocean as well, and can be either pink or orange. If you're having an operation, he takes control of the doctors to make sure everything goes according to plan and the tools are okay. They all do similar things, but you have to go through one to get to another. They give you visions or speak to you through the runes."



## Confidence,

self-assurance and artifice are prerequisites of the religion, particularly while performing rituals, as the spirits act on their own will, and ill-fated outcomes have been known to cause more harm to those who invoke them than their intended victims.

Looking to ask about human sacrifices, my interlocutor is knocked back as quickly as the priest's third pint. Human sacrifice was rife in the older days of Africa and, while they still occur, nowadays animal sacrifices are deemed more beneficial. Only the highest quality gifts must be offered to the spirits. If a bull is sacrificed, the blood must be offered to the spirit, and its meat used to feed the whole village. The spirit is satisfied and in turn, the whole village is happy. That's how modern Voodoo operates. Simple though it sounds, there are still a few holes into which the unsuspecting can fall. The animal must be one that the spirit approves of and above all, must be absolutely perfect and blemish-free. Rousseau adds as an afterthought: "The spirit will soon show you displeasure if you don't offer them the best. If they don't kill you, they will do things to you like outgates can crushes and unexplained illnesses. They have the power to do things like that."

## This is grand stuff,

but forget Africa and what happens in Rousseau's North London flat? After a few more quick scans, and unable to swelling on death, we all lean in closely. When coiffing upon dark spirits, he dresses in black, but he calls a pale spirit for something good, he dresses in white. He finishes himself into the dress of the spirit he needs to call and recites certain incantations, depending on the individual spirit. Clients don't just arrive unannounced, demand a promotion or the birth of a child, and expect it to be plucked out of the stone overnight or handed over in exchange for a tanner. They must be quizzed repeatedly as to why they want something and they must give a solid, wic response, without flinching or uncertainty. To undo something once it has been asked for is next to impossible, and the spirits don't take kindly to having their powers abused.

Another source of contention that has brought the world of Voodoo into recent scrutiny is the disappearance of numerous young, black children thought to be victims of Voodoo sacrifices. Rousseau shakes his head and looks appalled. He grows something angrily and Colin translates: "He abhors human sacrifice and says the people who kill children should be taking the children to professional exorcists to rid them of the energy possessing them." Unable to see why a child would be possessed, he explains to me: "When kids are possessed and someone may have put a hex on the parent, which has passed onto the child because the parent is too strong to be affected, it bounces off them onto a vulnerable weaker relation. They start exhibiting the bad and acting abnormally, losing out, screaming aggressively and manifesting signs of being consumed by another energy. The priest will only treat a child who is brought to him by a parent or legal guardian. The child is given a calming bath with herbs and incense and then anointed with oils and a series of prayers are performed. An egg is broken and rubbed over the child's body because it symbolises the positive energy of a new life, which is used to extract the negative energy in the child."

The priest's first exorcism was soon after his father's death and he has been doing it ever since. He specialises in helping people with problems and Colin points out that although he is very capable of killing people, he never will. "It is easy to put curses and hexes on people and poison your drinks or food. In fact, he can make anything happen. You can get a spirit to interfere with someone and cause a car crash. He believes Princess Diana was killed by a force such as this. Mohammed Al Fayed used to live in our town in Herts, and he got his power through Voodoo. He was there for five years, and the priest there who helped him achieve his success was never thanked for what he did. That's why the curse passed from him onto his son, who was more vulnerable. That's why he was killed."

As I leave, the priest takes my hand again and reminds me that if I want him to help me in any way at all, to let him know, I thank him and promise that I will ■



# The OUTSIDER

HE'S FOUGHT A 10-YEAR BATTLE AGAINST STUDIO SUITS, BUT IF GEORGE A. ROMERO IS THE WINNER, WHO ARE THE REAL LOSERS?

WORDS BY ADRIAN SANDIFORD ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL WILLOUGHBY

**The screams ricocheted off celluloid, into the cinema and back again; the piercing shrieks lost in the breathless, delighted squeals of the audience. It was 1965 and George A. Romero, the father of modern horror, the knight of the living dead, had arrived with the long-awaited third part of his celebrated zombie trilogy.**

The master was back in control, returning to his tried and tested formula of zombie schlock and social allegory (Romero's madus opened: first blood in sight of the Living Dead), catapulted him to fame in 1965 and instantly secured his cult status. It was hailed as a brilliant work of cinematic art, respectfully referred in the *Annals of the Museum of Modern Art* in New York. Two decades later, here he was again, back to the dead. And then? Nothing.

Fast-forward 20 years, and hell is set to spill over a fourth time. The 45-year-old Romero is revisiting his past glories. But why the wait? The original conceit of making one Dead film every decade, to reflect the period it was filmed in, died up in the '90s, with the rights tied up between various companies involved with the series over the years. But Romero persisted, refusing to do things unless they were on his terms.

**For his fans, the latest installment of the series signifies the final victory of Romero as a Hollywood outsider. And that he is. This is a man who has lasted stubbornly awkward at the mainstream, insisting on doing things his way. The New York-born director has consistently fought for his independence. Control is the defining characteristic of his approach.**

After finishing his studies at the Carnegie-Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania,

Romero stayed in the area to shoot commercials and industry premises with his own production company, Latent Image, set up with his friends. As the company's president, Romero could call all the shots, including the curious decision to have a monkey, owl and cat running around reception.

Night's success followed eight hardened years of working in commercials. But where most directors would have gladly abandoned the struggle for Hollywood, Romero avoided the lucrative studio offers that attempted to lure him to the coast. Generous overtures for a sequel were rejected. Romero was staying put. Romero wanted to make a light romantic comedy. Romero wanted to keep to his Dead-a-decade plan.

While his 1971 score-card, *There's Always Veritas*, fagged heavily and 1973's *The Grueser*—an indictment of big-budget *Nazism America* disguised as an apocalyptic sci-fi action thriller—did little business, whenever Hollywood came knocking, Romero resisted. Staying in Pittsburgh meant he could remain independent, beat the system and make films his way. His first three films went into production without a distribution contract. *The First Rule of George Culi* did not surrender creative control.

Romero's distrust of the studio system can be traced back to his early years as a grip on major movies around New York, including Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*. The experience left a bittered impression of Hollywood and its star system. His cynicism and frustration were cemented when he looked to secure a distributor for *Night*, only to have AIP turn the film down, demanding a happy ending.

But the decision to remain his position as an outsider, rather than capitulate to market forces and the pressure of Hollywood, led to Romero's

running peers. His attitude towards the studios, and need for control over project after project slip through his fingers over the last twenty years. *The Morning, Resident Evil*. *Scream*. Romero was not to direct them all. Success with just one would have boosted his career, but moreover, with Romero at the helm these films could have been special. But his obstinacy, his persistence in trying to preserve his vision, in wanting to maintain control, led to him being replaced, time after time.

**Surely then, this is a triumph of the principled director over the broken studios? Hardly. Even if Romero has never compromised himself or his fans, every time he lost out on a project, so did we. The obsession with control and freedom have left him perversely powerless.**

What did we get in return? No one cares about the three films he managed to squeeze out in the 20 years between *Day and Night*. *Analogue*, anyone? Where Romero wanted to make independent, message-heavy films (Romero's fearless protagonist suffers anonymous corporate greed, and repays its post-modern loss of identity), he pushed himself into a corner where he's only known for the success of the *Dead* films. When the independent vision of *Analogue* bombed, and the big studios shunned him, Romero finally found himself forced to return to the one thing that has made his name: zombies.

Romero has been caught between not being able to make a success of things his way, and not wanting to do things the studios' way. And now, all he can do as a zombie wheeled out to exist on a 1995 remake of *Night*, the director of a 30-second Japanese zombie commercial for the *Resident Evil 2* computer game, scribe of a support zombie comic for DC, and now *Land of the Dead*. The man's not free, he's trapped in a genre, ensnared with nothing but screams. ■





# DEAD RECKONING

GEORGE ROMERO'S DEAD TRILOGY IS  
AN OOD OF THE HORROR GENRE. WHY?

WORDS BY DAVID JENKINS

In 1968, a Pittsburgh native by the name of George A. Romero was too busy to graduate and start economic conversation between the eyes. Over the next 30 years, he would go on to produce a series of three pioneering and continually feared films which, in little step, stand out as one of the most powerful trilogies within the horror genre.

The trilogy led itself to an era of zombie cinema, and it was in the immediate aftermath of the second, *Dawn of the Dead*, that the first, *Night of the Living Dead*, was released. They might even feel (perhaps) created. With the most recent release of *Land of the Dead*, now is as good a time as any to look back on the series. George Romero's *Night of the Living Dead* is a good example of a zombie teacher's best friend.

## NIGHT.

In the tradition of *El Comandante*, *Night of the Living Dead* is a good example of a zombie teacher's best friend. It is a cinematic and unyielding introduction to the zombie genre. To its fans, it was a devastating critique of a society where people had been treated like jack rabbits by a corrupt capitalist system. A film which, while being conventional like the rest of the zombie genre, it was a good example of a zombie teacher's best friend. It was the first of a series of films of horror, exploitation and, like *Night of the Living Dead*, through most of its history, it was given a cultural release, writing a check with the American public.

At the time, emerging genres such as *Night of the Living Dead* were competing with the *Swamp Thing* and *Swamp Thing*, *Swamp Thing* and *Swamp Thing*, although challenging and original, *Night of the Living Dead* was a



## DAWN.

Although

entertaining.



# URBAN ZOMBIE

WORDS BY MICHAEL SULLIVAN JR. ILLUSTRATION BY JUDAS KISILL

**Oh dear God save me from this melting carnage. I'm surrounded by the living dead. Was I not warned?** I am turning into one I am one. Please God help me

I am an Urban Zombie

At the tender age of 29 I have lost the sense of real life. It is nothing but a distant dream, impossible to achieve. Too many bills, not enough holidays, council tax, mortgage. Black in the same job without enough money to break through. I am dead.

Like most of the zombies I am well educated. I went to an institute that made me believe in certain goals. In life. They gave me a pattern to live.

But after achieving their goals (not by the standards and the common expectations while I was alive) I felt the last drops of life draining from my body. I dropped happily dead behind an office desk, appointed to me by the Vice President himself, who shook my hand and was friendly to me. For a week.

Now I'm stuck in the patterns and routine of my undead life. My life is my prison.

But I do not cut corners. I am an urban zombie and I have my strengths.

I queue.

I spend my existence in queues starting at the morning table. Lunch hour queue is my favorite (the best, a sandwich). Hello, how are you sir? Pretty good. Fuck off. Afternoon queue. In a supermarket is not as rewarding but I sneak a peak at *Heat* magazine and it warms my aching heart.

I like to queue to go home and watch the telly, and queue during the ad breaks to get another glimpse of *Big Brother*.

Sometimes I take a stroll to queue outside a nightclub for recreational purposes. The better clubs let in only a handful of zombies at once to create a queue outside in order to attract more zombies to queue, often to a half empty place of the living dead.

If I go out in the nighttime I numb my brain with substances, anything from alcohol to cannabis to cocaine will do the trick. House music or cheap pop is excellent in numbing me further. Oh. Party. Further from life I never experience.

Every now and then me and the other zombies are forced to leave our work and daily patterns. I normally head to the same locations with everyone else (to queue for some ice cream) or just stay at home and play PS2.

Maybe I should buy a car. To be funky and free. One of those hatchbacks and be playfully sexy. (Zombies are told that in order to be 'sexy' and 'funky' they can express themselves by purchasing things.)

See, zombies don't get enough queuing on their feet, but they like to get into their morning solves and queue on the streets, block by block. And because zombies hate life, their morning couches are equipped with devices that slowly but surely will kill all the life from this disgustingly green planet.

Oh my God, a new Goldplay album to fill my soul. Uh give me a second.

I do not believe in all of this. I do not need to believe in anything because I don't queue. In the first place.

And that's how I ended up here. In the hot carnage of dead dreams.

Uniforms. Suits and be. Army Police. Cool. Chis. Crazy. Extreme. ■





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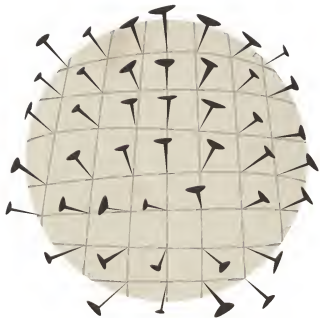
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# THE FRIGHTENERS

GEORGE A. ROMERO ISN'T THE ONLY MASTER OF THE GENRE WHOSE MOVIES YOU SHOULD BE CHECKING OUT

WORDS BY JONATHAN WILLIAMS  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROB LONGWORTH

**F W Murnau.** Murnau's films had everything. His techniques, his characters, his ideas, were so ground breaking and potent that he was recently acclaimed one of the greatest directors of all time. Rumored to be seven-foot tall, Murnau was a fighter pilot in WWI, afterwards making *Psalm*, *Nathans Woe* and *Four Devils*, as well as pioneering new cinematic techniques, both artistic and thematic. Murnau often blurred the line between dreams and reality in his films, creating a spooky atmosphere that is complemented by the absence of talking. His famous phrase, "Don't act, think!" was first uttered in '35, the year he died in a car crash in Southern California.

**James Whale.** As one of the grandfathers of horror, Whale's life beyond the camera was as noteworthy as his contribution to modern cinema. He spent time in a prisoner of war camp in WWI where, unusually, he developed a penchant for musical theatre. He went on to helm notorious pictures like *Frankenstein*, *Bride of Frankenstein* and *The Invisible Man*, in the process establishing some of the most enduring archetypes of the era. More recently, as details of Whale's private life have been revealed, many have seen homosexual themes in his films, and they are considered especially noteworthy in gay and lesbian studies. Towards the end of his life, Whale suffered memory problems as a result of a stroke and became deeply depressed. In '57, he committed suicide by drowning himself in his swimming pool, apparently never overcoming the horror of his wartime experiences.





## Al Adamson.

The definitive B-movie horror director, the titles of Adamson's films speak for themselves: *Blood of the Bloody Horror*, *Satan's Sadists*, *Warrior of the Blood Monsters*, and *Five Bloody Graves*. These were brilliantly rehashed, simple horror fair that were hugely popular in drive-in theatres across America. Adamson never took the genre too seriously, and was still happily making his gloriously bloody movies when he was murdered in '68. His corpse was buried under the freshly laid tiles of his bathroom by a contractor who assumed his identity for weeks afterwards.

## Dario Argento.

Argento is an artist with an eye for beauty in a genre where ugliness is paramount, saying, "I like women, especially beautiful ones. If they have a good face and figure, I would much prefer to watch them being murdered than an ugly girl or man." This position has served him well over the years as he collaborated with George Romero twice, and undertook horror remakes of *Macbeth* (called *Opera*) and *Phantom of the Opera*. It proved less useful in a disastrous campaign for political office in Italy in '97. Argento's eye for cinematography is his most famous asset, but his films deserve deeper deliberation: He has dedicated his life to understanding the psychology of fear, and each of his films represents an effort to articulate this in as pure a way as possible. Now retired, he has his own store and museum in Rome, and supports his daughter Asia's film career.

## Lucio Fulci.

Fulci's films are unadorned horror and, for many, the yardstick of what great horror can achieve. Often considered the greatest filmmaker ever, Fulci's best movies drip with blood and brutality from start to finish. Screaming women, mutilated animals and perverted priests all feature in his work; the finest of which include *Zombie: The Gates of Hell* and *The Beyond*. Fulci was heavily influenced by George Romero and Dario Argento, and *Zombie* was an unofficial sequel to Romero's *Dawn of the Dead*. Blacklisted and despised in his native Italy, the debilitated Fulci died in mysterious circumstances after inexplicably forgetting to take his insulin. Some believe this was suicide, just at a point when he was starting to get the respect he deserved.



## Clive Barker.

**Clive Barker.** Barker had a lot to live up to after being hailed by Steven King as "the future of horror." In truth, the reprehensible plundering of his *Hellraiser* franchise has done little to enhance his reputation in recent years, and it is easy to forget how startling this debut was when first released in '87. *Hellraiser* unleashed one of the most frightening visions in horror — Pinhead — and the concept of pain as pleasure. This cannibalistic (demon?) in the *Hellraiser* films are not traditionally evil, angry or insane; they simply love torturing people. In the most hideous ways. Starring from Barker's personal imagination with boudge the series is terrifying, get me some ghouls! soaked in B-movie shock. Nevertheless, this trilogy (along with Barker's other work, the *Books of Blood* and the *Candyman* films) remains a benchmark in 20th-century horror.

David Cronenberg.

**Cronenberg.** Fascinated with flesh and the workings of the human body, David Cronenberg's films use the dichotomy between the body and the mind to shocking effect. When the two combine, often literally, with his interest in technology, a world of bizarre possibility is created. *The Fly*, *Dead Ringers*, *Naked Lunch* and *Screamers* are synonymous with graphic images of human disfigurement but are rarely thought of as incidental horror. However, Cronenberg's idea of the "new flesh" (the human body transformed by a machine into a new organism) as represented in the majority of his films, is as long way from family entertainment. *Wet* is science, indeed.



**Hideo Nakata.**

Under Nakatsu's spell a shocking message to the world when his deeply unsettling and hugely frightening *Rings* crested the way from Japan to the West in '96. After a period of integration in Western horror, Nakatsu gave audiences something they hadn't had in years: a truly fearsome experience. *Rings*, *Rings 2* and *Dark Water* have a clinical style, rooted in traditional Japanese spiritualities. The recurring theme of spirits entering the world is couched with a distinctive scientific, based on Nakatsu's understanding of the "scientific of substance". His work may since have been shamelessly ripped off and homogenized for Western audiences, but his original films have disturbed like nothing else in our past years. ■





# ROCKY HORROR

WELCOME TO A WHISTLE STOP TOWN OF HORROR, DEEP FRODO BAGGINS, AND AFTER CHANGING EVERY CANNIBAL, ZOMBIE, AND GHOSTBUSTS TO AT STITCHES FROM SEVERAL TO A BUN FLAME, THE OLD OL' USUAL, WELCOME TO HORROR, THE NEW, IS!

WORDS BY ADRIAN SANDFORD

## MODERATE, EINE SYMPHONIE DER GELÄUTEN (FIFTH AVENUE, 1912)

The first and best screen Orson Welles is the film that Modest started a genre. Max Erbeschke is the definitive Count – utterly ghastly and truly terrifying, quite unlike the suave aristocrat of later legend. Using stills and darkness instead of meaningless screams, this is one of the finest silent films ever made, a true classic that secured German Expressionism's place in cinematic history. *Modest* opened the way for the gothic terror of the '20s and significantly influenced later Hollywood films – particularly Universal's '30s horror series that populated the genre in the wake of Murnau's iconic beginning.

#### INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

(JOHN HUSSEL, 1956)

Universal's take on horror continued throughout the '40s, eventually degenerating into a spate of sequels, spinoffs and nonsense. But with the end of WWII, and the introduction of a new world order, the focus of fear shifted from gothic ghosts to the terror of nuclear destruction. George's Gold War allegory, filled with topiestic and unease—in which invading aliens surreptitiously take control from within—played on anti-Communist paranoia and blurred the line between horror and science fiction, an approach that dominated the '50s. It's a telling snapshot of its time, a turning point away from gothic tales of monsters and toward the modern. Mainly an American obsession, the Brits plugged away, via Hammer, with the traditional Dracula/ Frankenstein/Mummy staples of postwar year.

#### NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

(GEORGE A. ROMERO, 1968)

This zombie fright fest is a keystone in horror. While continuing the implicit social commentary of the 50s horror/science-fiction movement, albeit in a form more attuned with 60s sensibilities, Romero's masterpiece also contains elements of psychological horror. This was a style the genre had evolved during the '30s—as seen at the start of the decade in Hitchcock's *Psycho*. While blending slices of past and present, *Night's* new genre also predicted the charge of the schlock brigade that would come to swamp the genre. Meanwhile, the Brits were still Hammering away.

#### HALLOWEEN

(JOHN CARPENTER, 1978)

While Friedkin's notorious tale of demonic possession, *The Exorcist*, is a landmark in the growth of the occult as a popular subject within the genre, and Tobe Hooper's infamous *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* is a terrifying prototype to the slasher pic, it is Carpenter's story of an unspeakable psychokiller that really defines horror's next move. The director's use of tension and chilling subtleties are masterfully displayed in a film that crowned the box office-crowned James Lee Curtis as cinema's Screen Queen, and set the new horror rules. *Halloween* brought the teen-slasher to the mainstream and paved a trail for a succession of sleazy imitators. The exploitation pic that followed, notably *Friday the 13th*, significantly upped the graphic excess.

#### SCREAM

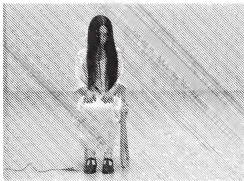
(WES CRaven, 1996)

While the '80s were characterized by teen-prurient gore and mayhem, a theme that eventually dimmed in the James Butler "video nasties" debacle of '83, where fright flicks like *Elv! Dead* were blamed for debasing society's morals, *Scream's* arrival breathed new life into a flagging formula. Craven's return to the teen slasher, at a time when horror was hurtling into straight-to-video hell, reflected the over-familiar concept with Kevin Williamson's sardonic, tongue-in-cheek script. With a parsimoniously arched eyebrow, in-jokes, and characters that audaciously reference horror movies and its clichés, it's a product of the achingly cool, post-modern ironic smugness of the '90s. Pop begins to eat itself.

#### THE KING

(DERS FEMANTLE, 2001)

Having raised its sails, horror has nowhere left to turn but East. Vertensk's Japanese release of Japanese maestro Hideki Nakata's *King* is indicative of millennial horror's new vogue—the diluted Hollywood "J-Horror" market. The *King's* success, despite its disappointing insistence on rehashing and explaining, has encouraged further Nakata plundering with American versions of the Japanese director's *Dark Water* and *Cure*. The horror, the horror. ■





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# *Haiti:*

HOLLYWOOD HAS LONG BEEN OBSESSED WITH  
TOO GOOD TO GOVERN THE DARK SECRET  
OF HAITI. BUT WHAT IS THE TRUTH OF THIS  
SHATTERED ISLAND'S CENTRAL HERITAGE?

WORDS BY MATT KOCHINSKI

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL WILLOUGHBY

# *A History of Violence*

# To the West,

Voodoo is a religion rooted in blood – an arcane ritual of sorcery, fueled by child sacrifice and magical rites. At best, it is an object of curiosity, from the cannibals and witch doctors that filtered the language of US occupation, to 70-years of Hollywood exploitation, to the miserably racist attacks of religious fanatics. But the outpouring of fear and loathing is just the latest act in a long history of oppression, denying Voodoo its rightful place at the centre of Haiti's cultural experience.

By the turn of the 19th century, half a million slaves had been dragged to the island in chains from their homes in West Africa. With them came Voodoo, the religion of their ancestors. Forbidden by the colonists, it became the touchstone of a people who suffered indiscriminate abuse, and a link to the past in a country that brutally eroded any sense of identity. The penalty for carrying a fetish included castration, disfigurement and being banished or flayed alive, but it survived underground – practiced at night, in betels and rituals jealously protected. According to one houngan, "Any white that ever stumbled across the secrets of a secret deep in the jungle wouldn't live to tell the tale."

The roots of Voodoo are deeper than memory. Depending on your perspective, it means "spirit of God", "to dance" or "the gentleness in Holy of admirable magic, mysticism and cannibalism, brought originally by the Negroes from Africa" (*The New York Daily News*, 1955).

It is a religion of rural apathy in which ancestral loa watch over their descendants, and protect them from harm. These loa are family spirits, inherited from one generation to the next. They bestow favour on their children, ensuring a continuous, unbroken bond that can be traced not only across generations, but across continents – from the Caribbean to Brazil, Togo, Cuba and Brazil.

That the Christian colonists tried to stamp it out with such cruelty was a mark of the simmering racial tension that characterized the island. The whites were a tiny minority who protected their interests with equivoal levity. Though a middle class of 'free blacks' provided a bulwark against the slave majority, by the mid 18th century, the terror of the country was an unstable mix of fear and resentment. In 1791 the tension erupted into bitter violence when disparate bands of runaway slaves united under François Macandal, and waged a six-year campaign of barbarous rebellion.

After his capture in 1795, Macandal was burned at the stake by the French army. Not just a practitioner of Voodoo, but a healer, or sorcerer, he inspired terror in his executioners. Like the houngans, lokes are the intermediaries between two worlds who fuse the many aspects of the spirits – anthropomorphic, abstract, capricious and demanding – and make them manifest. But where a priest will invoke a spirit for the protection of its family, a sorcerer manipulates their power for darker ends.

# This is the face of Voodoo that has terrified and fascinated the West for over two hundred years,

and has been the justification for bloody suppression. That suppression has often been led by the Catholic Church.

"In the past of thousands of the 19th century, my slaves of African colour, mistreated by Europeans in Brazil, the oppressed who emerged from the rebellion and the revolution were said to 'possess' it's a constant between Voodoo and strategy – Turning the island into the land of the living dead!"  
Luisa Maria Kurland, Anthropologist.



culminating in the violent 'Anti-Superstition Campaigns' under American occupation in the '80s. With the best backing of the US government, missionary sects devastated shrines and burned idols in an attempt to intimidate the peasants into abandoning their beliefs. That they failed became a curious paradox in Vodou worship. Roman Catholicism is the official religion of Haiti, and most of the islanders see no conflict between their two spiritual poles.

buoyed by the political strength of the Evangelical movement, Catholics continue to be less accommodating. One Christian website, posting out that, under slavery, Haiti was known as "The Pearl of the Antilles", describes how it became the poorest after "tearing its soul to shreds." Though Haiti was officially excommunicated for most of the '90s, repression efforts continued, and even now, Catholic and Conservative news sites carry anti-Vodou stories and scathing allegations (according to the *Canada Free Press*, Bill Clinton performed a Vodou rite to curse George Bush, and Saddam Hussein summoned evil spirits to do his bidding).

Yet for all that the notorious myths of Vodou have been subjected to sustained abuse, they continue to exert a grip on fascinated Western onlookers. This exotic allure is best summed up in one word: zombies.

As any movie fan knows, a zombie is an undead corpse,

capable of physical actions like walking and feeding, but possessed of no real cognitive

abilities. Yet in reality they are not the accident of some lost test gone wrong, escaped virus or infection from a lab. Though Hollywood has transformed the zombie into a figure of cut and almost comic appeal, its roots in Haitian folklore are quite different.

Traditionally, Haitians believed that sorcerers used dark rites to possess the soul of a body, replacing it with a captured spirit after moving it from the grave. For a long time, the nature of these rites was unclear. The common belief among islanders is that before use the hair or blood of their victims along with a Vodou doll, to perform an ancient ceremony that traps the soul in a jar. This jar is wrapped in a piece of the victim's clothing and then hidden in a place known only to the *lòkòs*, while an evil spirit is given possession of the empty corpse. As such, the dead were traditionally buried face down with the mouth sewn up to prevent the spirit from entering, often holding a dagger to kill any sorcerer who came calling, or surrounded by other distractions to prevent the corpse listening to magical incantations.

If all this sounds unlikely, it's thrown into sharp relief by Article 260 of the Haitian Penal Code: "It shall be qualified as attempted murder the employment which may be made against any person of sorcery or magic which, without causing actual death, produce a lethargic coma more or less prolonged. If after the person has been buried, the act shall be considered murder no matter what result follows." The existence of zombies in Haiti is a documented fact, but though they exert a powerful grip on the island's religious experience, more recently they have been understood scientifically.

In 1968, anthropologist Wade Davis travelled to Haiti as part of the National Geographic Society's Biosphere Project. He had heard the story of Clairvius Narcisse, an islander who had 'died' in 1962 only to reappear 16 years later with no



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story of his life over the last two decades. It is claimed that Nardene had taken foul of a sorcerer, been zombified and sold into slavery on a sugar plantation. After the sorcerer who 'owned' his soul died, the spell was broken and Nardene had simply walked away. He was discovered by chance in a local market by his sister.

Using Nardene as the springboard for his research, Davis made a series of remarkable claims, published in two books, *The Burpent and the Rainbow* and *Passage of Darkness: The Ethnobiology of the Haitian Zombie*. His conclusion was that zombies are not a myth. They are created by sorcerers working for secret 'Boungs' societies that predate independence, and which represent an alternative, underground Haitian government dedicated to preserving the island's ancestral, African heritage. Zombification, Davis claims, is the ultimate consequence of running afoul of Haiti's secret government, and one means of maintaining social control in rural communities.

The magic rituals invoked by the sorcerers are explained in pharmacological terms. Davis acquired a potion used in an actual zombie ceremony, and sent it back to the US for testing. He found that zombies are not made from the dead, but created from the living. The potion contained three main elements – the crushed bones of a human, a leaf and a puffer fish. The puffer fish contained the chemicals equiguanine and tetrodotoxin, while the leaf (*Buta venenosus*) contained a chemical which has also been found in African snake poison. In the correct dose, the balance of these three elements causes paralysis, a chemical disposition which advances from a tingling sensation round the extremities, to gastro-intestinal and cardiovascular pain. Higher doses will cause death from respiratory paralysis. Davis believed that his potion could, in some circumstances, induce a zombified state where a victim would appear clinically dead for several days. Once buried,

the body would simply dig him up and give him another person containing the past delirious atmosphere, whose alcoholism, ecopolemia and obsequies would cause amnesia as well as acting as an antidote to the original toxin. The zombie could then be sold into slavery or manipulated for whatever nefarious scheme the sorcerer had in mind.

Unsurprisingly, many disputed Davis' findings, claiming that the level of tetrodotoxin in his sample was too low to have any real effect. Equally, the whole area of ethnobiology – the interplay of cultural and biological factors in determining the efficacy of a pharmaceutical – is a controversial science. For Davis, key to the creation of zombies was not just the contents of the potion, but the "set and setting" required for the powder to work – that is, the victim's expectations of what the drug will do, and the physical and social environment in which the drug is taken. In truth, he didn't do himself any favours when he sold the rights to one of his books to Hollywood, and Wes Craven produced a movie that was everything Davis had gone to Haiti to dispute.

Disputes aside, Davis' work questions two centuries of minacious myth-making. But even though the prevalence of black rites in Haiti has no doubt been exaggerated, their influence on the island's evolution can't be overestimated. Back in 1751, Maccoed used his position as a bats to gather an army of Haisians. Yet his uprising was mainly the terror that pervaded the shadowy world of rebellion. A new Haiti was to emerge from the flames of a Vodou revolution.

# Voodoo – the religion of resistance

# — reached its apogee in 1791,

In the stagnant pools of the Alligator Woods, where a band of slaves gathered to send a pact of rebellion. According to one source (the admittedly biased and wildly unreliable *Conservative News*), "They sacrificed a pig in a voodoo ritual in which hundreds of slaves drank its blood. In this ritual [they] asked Satan for his help in liberating Haiti from the French. In exchange, the voodoo priests offered to give the country to Satan for 100 years and swore to serve him." Days later, the country erupted with the fury of vengeance. Atrocities piled on atrocities as the slaves, rearing beneath the canopies of a white deity regaled on a stick, executed the countryside, annihilating all traces of the white population. The towns burned for months. Haiti became the first free black republic, "and thus began a new demonic tyranny."

The influence of Voodoo has steadily waned, nor has its association with a society plagued by violence and oppression. In the 1930s, François "Papa Doc" Duvalier recruited Voodoo specialists for his torture rackouts, a brutal private police force charged with stamping out dissent in the island's interior. Torture rackouts were a Vodou bogeyman, and, dressed in the blue denim and red necktie of a Vodou spirit, they were then fixed up to the reputation. Duvalier was a keen student of Haitian history, adroitly using the language and influence of Voodoo to manipulate the people. He encouraged rumours that he was a *houngan*, and nurtured extensive links among priests and below priests. He dressed in the black top hat and coat of the powerful spirit Baron Samedi, and it has even been alleged that he murdered one rival for the presidency and ate his brains and heart.

It is a mark of Haiti's sad story, after enduring so much violence and exacting so heavy a price in the fight to regain its

history, that so much of the modern country feels unchanged – still yoked to its bloody past. It is the poorest state in the western hemisphere, still suffering from the legacies of slavery and political violence. In 2004 the government issued a press release decrying the actions of former president Aristide's "Believing Army", a heavily armed militia dedicated to restoring their power base. "Violent gangs led by former MPs conducted what they called "Operation Belghed" (burning one and torturing farmers, shouting "Aristide or death") and performing their special "Necklace Torture" (a flailing tyre around the neck) on captured opposition members.

Yet there is still hope for the future of Haiti. There are signs of economic recovery, but more importantly, while Voodoo flourishes at the heart of the island's society – free of the cruelties that have been imposed on it by outsiders – there is a visible chance that Haiti's rich cultural heritage will be allowed to thrive. Voodoo is not just the religion of zombies and blood that Hollywood parveys – it is so much more than that. In the words of the anthropologist, Harold Courlander, Voodoo is the religion of "ancestral rivers, dance, music, theatre, legend and folklore, motivation, glorification and invocation, protection of fields, fertility, and a continuing, familiar relationship with the ancestors." Just don't expect to see that movie any time soon. ■



# The ZOMBIE SURVIVAL GUIDE

IT'S FINALLY HAPPENED: OUTBREAK, WAR, DEFEAT. ZOMBIES CONTROL THE EARTH, SO WHAT'S NEXT? AUTHOR MAX BROOKS HAS THE ANSWER.

## IN THE ATTACK

What if those we pay to protect us are nowhere to be found? In this case, responsibility for medicating the undead service is up to you and those you can convince to join you. Every tactic in this section has been carefully tailored for just such a contingency. All have been taken from actual contact. All have been tested and proven battle-ready for that moment when retreat has ended and the time has come to hunt the future.

## WEAPONS

### 1. LEAK AND DESTROY

Use one or more vehicles, large pickup trucks, or SUVs to enter an infested area. Once inside, make as much noise as possible to draw the undead to you. Exit the area slowly, switching the speed of your pursuit. Like the *Pied Piper*, you will soon acquire a tail of zombies, a

grainy parade eluding after you. At this point, sharpshooters posted at the back of the vehicles will proceed to take them down. The pursuing ghoulies will not realize what is happening, as their primitive brains will not notice that their comrades are falling all around them. Continue to lead them from the area, thinning their ranks until none are left. Use this tactic in urban areas (when the roads are clear) or where natural movements allow long vehicular journeys.

### 2. THE TOWER

Find an area high above ground (a tree, building, water tower, etc.). Stock the position with enough ammunition and basic supplies for a protracted battle (longer than one full day). Once all these tasks have been accomplished, do everything you can to attract the dead. As they gather around your position, begin the slaughter. Be careful when using incendiaries, as fire may

spread to the tower or smoke may become a death risk.

### 3. THE CAGE

If you don't believe in cruelty to animals, don't try this on a weep. It involves placing an animal in a cage, positioning your team within weapons range of that cage, then picking off the zombies that come to devour said animal. Of course, animal factors need to be considered for this tactic to work. The live bait must be loud enough to attract any nearby ghoulies. The cage must be strong enough to resist an attack and anchored well enough to resist being pushed. Your team needs to be hidden so as not to attract zombies to its position. They must also take care not to hit and kill the caged animal. Silent, dead bait will quickly foil the cage strategy. Environments just suited to a cage approach are those with little or no cover for your team. Avoid its use in

## LAST MAN STANDING

QWERTY grabs 30 seconds with Max Brooks.

**QWERTY** If a zombie outbreak was declared right now, how prepared would you be and what would be your first thought?

**Max Brooks** Dude, I'm ready! I've got my go-kit packed, my machete sharpened. I'm only a few blocks from the East River. Most importantly, I know the signs, so long before we hit Class 3 I'll be kicking it in Greenland.

**QWERTY** What's your favorite zombie movie?

**Max** *28 Days Later*, the original. No contest. Not only is it a great apocalyptic movie, not only does it show humans fighting back against their fears (finely), it's infused with the kind of social commentary most films today could only dream about.

**QWERTY** If you had to choose between dealing with a Class 4 zombie

apocalypse or an alien army on a war of extermination, which would it be?

**Max** Depends on the aliens. If they're like the kind in John Carpenter's *They Live*, no doubt that they can conquer you without firing a shot. If either fight the zombies, but if they're the kind from the new *War of the Worlds*, the kind that are so stupid that in 1,000,000,000 years of planning they forget to test the air, being... well...

**QWERTY** Where did the book come from?

**Max** What, other than protecting my fellow humans? I'd have to say it was the Y2K scare. There were no many survival guides coming out and not ONE of them dealt with zombies. In short, I wrote it to read it.

**QWERTY** If you could give one piece of advice to somebody in a zombie-infested area, what would it be?

**Max** Don't panic! The one great advantage we have over them is the ability to think. Use your head... not off them!

plains, tundra, or open desert.

### A TIPS SUMMARY

Of all hunting methods used against the undead, this is perhaps the most effective. The "process" involves dividing your party into teams, boarding a number of motor vehicles, moving through the infested area, and running into every zombie they find. Despite the image of a modern-day stampede, it has been all but abandoned by knowledgeable hunting groups. Hitting a ghost with a vehicle rarely results in a hit. More likely, the animated corpse is left crippled, crawling around with a shattered spinal column and useless legs. Always plan to follow up your "high-speed chase" with hours of mopping up by a team of clannetted hunters. If you do decide on the stampede tactic, use it in plains, desert, tundra, and other wide-open areas. Urban areas present too many obstacles

such as wrecked cars or abandoned bicycles. Too often, stampeding hunters have found their paths blocked and their situation radically reversed. Avoid swarms or extend entirely.

### A AIRBORNE OPTION

What could be easier than attacking your enemy from the air? With several helicopters, couldn't your team cover more ground in less time with no risk at all? In theory, yes. In practice, no. Any student of conventional warfare will acknowledge the need for ground troops, no matter how superior an air force is. This applies to hunting the undead. Forget using air strikes in urban, forest, jungle, swamp, or any other congested terrain. Chances are you'll not only drop to under 50 percent, forget about the idea of a clean, painless sweep, even in a high-mortality zone. Your team will still have to mop up no matter how secure it appears... What about

ambulating hunters who are infested zones?

That theory has been suggested many times although never put into practice. It is daring, but outrageous, it is heroic, and it is utterly foolproof. Forget being injured on impact, tangled in trees, blown off course, lost on landing... forget all the possibilities associated with normal parachute jumps in regular peacetime conditions. If you want to know the true danger of an airborne effort against zombies, by dropping a square centimeter of meat on a swarming anthill. Glances are, that meat will never touch the ground. In short, air support is just that, "support." People who believe it to be a war effort have no business planning, coordinating, or participating in any conflict with the living dead. ■

*The Zombie Survival Guide* by Max Brooks is out now published by Darkswarm, priced \$19.99





# THE LIVING DEAD

DRUGS, DEBANCHERY, HAM SANDWICHES: ALL HAVE THEIR PLACE IN THE RASCALS' PANTHOSM OF ROCK CASTALITIES. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GUTS WHO DIDN'T MAKE IT — THE LUCKLESS FAW WHO SURVIVED THEIR DECADES OF SELF-DESTRUCTORY SHUFFLING, DEAD EYED, UNBARTHELY? WE SALUTE ROCK'S LIVING DEAD. MUSICIANS, MAN, THEY CREEP US OUT

WORDS BY ANDY DAVIDSON ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOMINIC CLIFFORD

## Lemmy Kilmister

Ex-Hendrix roadie and Hawkwind bassist Lemmy Kilmister is the original dirty old man of rock. Chucked out of space rock outfit Hawkwind after being arrested in Canada for possession of coke, he went on to found Motörhead: "the dirtiest rock and roll band in the world." Motörhead had little going for them except speed, both musically and chemically. Lemmy lived on a diet of amphetamines. Jack Daniels and acid — "I saw people as animals, I saw cars as rats and dogs. All the flesh melts off your face," he once said. Unhappily, Lemmy survived a two-week chemical bender on two

fruit pies and some prophylaxis. His defining words? "We do rock and roll about chicks and parties and fucking men's, killing, blood-soaked death." He sang it 'till he lived it.

## Motley Crüe

Rock stars, Vince Neil, Nikki Sixx and Tommy Lee have committed more atrocities in the name of rock than even they thought was possible. Sixx and Neil were the chief ball-breakers: both hard drug users, groups abusers and alcoholics. They spent the '80s drinking, fucking and shoving up from one corner of



the globe to the other. In a notorious contest of dormancy with Ozzy Osbourne, Sax snorted live ants off the pavement, only to see Ozzy drink his own piss off the floor. When Sax left Ozzy leaped both his and Sax's urine off the floor like a brain-dead hound. Neko Sax twice suffered near fatal overdoses and was known to inject whisky into his arm when so heroin was available.

**John Frusciante.** In a '96 LA Times article the sad fate of John Frusciante was revealed: Blasting most of his upper and lower teeth, shaven-headed, with black, bruised and burnt skin and dots of blood on his trousers, Frusciante was living a hellish half-existence at his home in the Hollywood Hills. He was a hermit—painting, playing guitar and shooting up heroin after quaffing the Red Hot Chili Peppers. The replacement for Hillel Slovak, who died in '88 from a heroin overdose, Frusciante was just 17 when he joined the band. After the recording of *Blood Sugar Sex Magik* in '91, Frusciante became disillusioned with his rock star role and eventually left, consciously choosing to become a heroin addict. Resurfacing in '97 after hiding himself of his habit and getting shiny new dentures, Frusciante rejected the Chili Peppers the epitome of a man born again.

**Ozzy Osbourne.** Few in the annals of rock history can hold a light to "depressed moral terrorist" Ozzy Osbourne. Where now we see a shaky drug casualty, the Ozzy of his youth was something far more monstrous. The ex-Brim burglar quickly let fame go to his head—let end down eating being only the tip of the demonic iceberg. In '82 Ozzy was busted in Texas for smoking on the Alamo while wearing one of his wife's dresses. He was charged with defiling a national monument. Later, after a vodka binge, he attempted to strangle Sharon, claiming, "We've decided you've got to go." Sharon hit the panic button and Ozzy was packed off to rehab. His first question "Where's the bar?" In '85, three kids killed themselves, allegedly after listening to Sabbath's *Sabbath Solution*. Ozzy lives on.

**Shane MacGowan.** Kicked out of school for possession of acid and pills at a tender 16, MacGowan made an auspicious start on the road to long-term substance abuse. At one point in his career he claimed to be taking 50 tabs of acid and drinking three bottles of whisky every day. As famous for his pitiful dental state as for his drug use, and to a lesser extent, his music, The

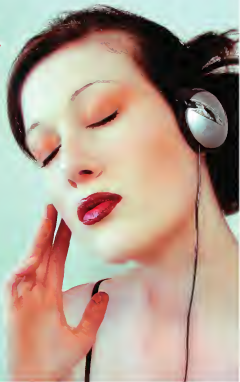
Pogues frontman puts his bad teeth down to drunken fights, police brutality, the use of crack and crystal meth and a lack of regular brushing. MacGowan was attacked and beaten by an assistant welding on iron in 2004, but remains alive.

**Jesus Aliin.** '90? Aliin—frontman of Slaughter, Team Nasty, Drug Whore, Afterbirth, AIDS Brigade and Toilet Rockers (lyricist of 'Fuckin' The Day', 'Dicks, Fights and Fuck', 'Gypsy Motherfucker', and 'Expose Yourself To Kids')—was a sick, rock man. His crazed live performances normally included bloodshed (either be longing to or caused by AIDS), nudity and on-stage defecation. Fans asked getting the creep beaten out of them by a short, naked, skinhead punk rocker, getting faces thrown at them or simply having to watch a grown man slowly work a microphone up his arse. Between gigs he lived in prison at the gutter, spending every penny on drugs, booze and shoes. Aliin claimed he would blow his brains out on stage, but sadly this was not to be. Aliin died from a drug overdose in '93, having previously invited fans to attend his funeral and shit on his corpse. ■

\*Technically correct, but qualified. Overdose victims can be seen floating in the Red Hot Chili



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# BUCK AND COVER



BEHIND EVERY ZOMBIE OUTBREAK IS A LAB EXPERIMENT GONE WRONG. BUT THAT HASN'T STOPPED SCIENTISTS CREATING SOME OF THE MOST DANGEROUS SUBSTANCES EVER DEvised. WE TAKE A SNIFF OF SOME OF THE WORST.

WORDS BY SOPHIE CARTWRIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY KATE MONMORRINE



#### Phosgene (*German: Giftgas*)

Chemical/Symbol:  $\text{COCl}_2$

Military Designation: CG

Type: *Choking Gas*

Responsible for 80% of all chemical fatalities during the First World War, phosgene is one of the most dangerous man-made choking agents. Regularly used in pesticides, paint stripper and dry cleaning agents, it is widely available, and very low cost, pressurized and transported as a liquid. Once increased to room temperature, however, the liquid becomes a poisonous gas, which in high concentrations has devastating consequences for the body.

Immediate effects of exposure to phosgene include irritation to eyes and throat, coughing, choking, headache, nausea and vomiting. Exposure to very high concentrations of the gas means death within a few hours, caused by a fatal pulmonary oedema (the accumulation of fluid in the body). As the oedema advances, the victim produces frothy sputum and displays

shock-like symptoms, with weaker circulation, pale clammy skin and a rigid heartbeat. Death occurs within 24 hours. There is no antidote.

#### Sarin (*Japanese: sarin*)

Chemical/Symbol:  $\text{GB}$   $\text{C}_4\text{H}_{10}\text{F}_6\text{O}$   $\text{P}(\text{O})(\text{OC}_2\text{H}_5)_3$

Military Designation: GB

Type: *Chemical Nerv Agent*

Sarin (GB) is 500 times more toxic than cyanide. Developed by German scientists during the 1930s as a pesticide, it was later recognized by the Nazis as a potentially lethal weapon. Though it was never used as such, in its pure form, GB is a colourless, odourless liquid at room temperature, but as a gas it is the most volatile of the nerve agents; it suffocates victims by paralyzing the respiratory muscles. One drop of sarin will kill an adult in minutes.

March 1988 saw the worst reported sarin attack to date, when Saddam Hussein killed 5800 Kurds in the village of Halabja, leaving 68000 maimed, with respiratory diseases.





cancer and birth abnormalities. Most recently, sarin was used in an attack on the Tokyo subway on 20th March, 1995, in which representatives of the Japanese cult, Aum Shinrikyo, killed 12 and injured over 3000 in a rush hour attack.

**VX** (*Methylphosphorothioic acid*)  
Chemical Symbol: COP(=O)(S)C  
(CCCCOP(=O)(S)C)  
Military Designation: VX  
Type: Chemical Nervous Agent

Known only by its military designation, VX is the most lethal nerve agent ever created. The 'V' denotes its long persistence, making it more dangerous than sarin. It has the appearance of oil and is an excellent adhesive – some farms are virtually irremediably after flooding to a surface.

VX attacks the nervous system, attaching itself to the enzymes that transmit signals to the nerves, and rendering them inactive. A fraction of a drop absorbed by the skin is lethal, but if it

is a gas that VX is most effective. Once inhaled, the pain is immediate: vomiting, diarrhoea, stomach cramps and involuntary defecation are assured. Unless an antidote (a mix of atropine and pralidoxime chloride) is administered immediately, victims of VX will die in minutes.

Creating VX is an incredibly dangerous pursuit requiring the handling of toxic and corrosive chemicals at a very high temperature. The mass threat of VX is therefore not a very realistic one at present, as the danger of producing the chemical in small quantities alone is too great a risk for most to take.

**Sulphur Mustard (Yperite)**  
Chemical Symbol: S  
Military Designation: MD/YP  
Type: Chemical Blister Agent

Sulphur Mustard (MD) was introduced to the world as a weapon against soldiers in the First World War. Though it killed less than 5% of those who sought medical assistance, it

is a potentially devastating chemical. HD is a vesicant, a blistering agent that attacks the skin through burning on contact. It also affects the eyes, mucus membranes, lungs and blood-forming organs, causing them internally if a high dose of HD is inhaled; the victim will be sealed by mechanical asphyxia from obstructive non-living tissue in the throat and lungs. Death will follow. The only way to avoid infection from an attack of sulphur mustard is to kit yourself out with full protection clothing and breathing apparatus.

**Smallpox (Variola Major)**  
Chemical Symbol: v  
Military Designation: v  
Type: Biological Agent

Possibly the most dangerous biological weapon ever discovered, smallpox dates back some 3000 years. Immune to antibiotics, it is one of the most feared infections the world has ever seen. Smallpox was first documented as a weapon

**“DEATH  
OCCURS  
WITHIN 24  
HOURS.  
THERE IS NO  
ANTIDOTE.”**

during the French and Indian war of 1754–1761, when British soldiers gave contaminated blankets to Native Americans. Up to half the population in many tribes died, assailing the British in their attack.

Today, we live in a smallpox-free environment, after an accident in a Birmingham lab in 1978 prompted a WHO clean-up operation the following year, having killed up to 500 million people in the 20th century alone, the virus now exists in sample quantities in just two laboratories in the world.

Spread through the air and highly contagious, smallpox proliferates as easily as the common cold. The consequences of skin lesions marks the beginning of the contagious period, which does not end until the last scab has fallen off. When weaponised, the virus can be spread through structural ventilation systems, which would rapidly cause an epidemic. Although vaccines are available and prove useful if caught immediately, since the disease





# “VOMITING; DIARRHEA; STOMACH CRAMPS AND INVOLUNTARY DEFECATION ARE ASSURED.”



advances your best bet is to start praying.

*Anthrax (Bacillus anthracis)*

*Clinical Symbol:* *a/c*

*Military Designation:* *a/c*

*Type:* *Bacterial Agent*

Found naturally in soil, and created in military laboratories, anthrax is considered an ideal biological weapon. Tests on the island of Gajinai off the coast of Scotland resulted in its evacuation for 30 years, while in 2001, four contaminated letters in the US poisoned senators and made personnel. According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), 23 became infected and five died.

Anthrax needs only the tiniest lesion in the skin to enter the body, causing a life-like growth which forms an ulcer (inhalation of spores poses the greatest threat as the bacteria find the perfect breeding conditions in the lungs, where they absorb poisons into the surrounding body tissue. It would take only a few thousand spores

released in the air to prove fatal.

Cure currently appears to be the most effective antibiotic. However, it is not widely available, and, if used continuously, would become ineffective, as the spores would build up a resistance to the drug.

*Botulinum (Clostridium botulinum)*

*Clinical Symbol:* *a/c*

*Military Designation:* *a/c*

*Type:* *Bacterial Agent*

The botulinum germ has a paralyzing effect, making its derivative, botox, ideal at smoothing out wrinkles. Botulinum itself, however, causes lethargy, drooping eyelids, slurred speech and floppy limbs. If left untreated, paralysis of the arms, legs and body follows.

The most famous use of botulinum as a biological weapon of war was the proposition of algae by the CIA to assassinate Cuban president Fidel Castro. The attempt was never carried out. ■

*Ladies & Gentlemen*



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## R-POINT

by James  
Cagney

RECEIVED AN  
EXCELLENT  
REVIEW  
FROM  
THE  
NEW YORK  
TIMES

### One of the most

frightening things about new South Korean horror film *R-Point* is how brazenly derivative it is. The set up a platoon of soldiers is sent on a top-secret mission to locate some colleagues who went missing at the titular location during the latter stages of the Vietnam War. *R-Point* has nothing to offer other than anti-paced genre scenes and a plot which goes round in circles.

From films such as *Ring*, *10 Mile Watch*, *Patience* and even *Full Metal Jacket* - *R-Point* shrieks, shrieks, rips and rums without a care in the world. *R-Point* writes the rules as it goes along, carelessly abandoning logic and common sense.

The derelict building in which the soldier's mette is put to the test is a great piece of location

work, and the actors handle the ridiculous demands of the script with gusto and nerve. However, the editing and sound are disappointing and there are subliminal flashes of a long-haired girl in a white garment who seems to crop up in just about every Asian horror film released in Britain. Like *R-Point* itself, this is a film you should do your best to keep away from. **David Jenkins**

**Anticipation:** South Korean cinema is on a roll at the moment. **Four**

**Enjoyment:** What does it all mean? **Two**

**In Retrospect:** The emotional impact of an episode of *The A Team*. **One**

## THE INTRUDER

by James  
Cagney

RECEIVED AN  
EXCELLENT  
REVIEW  
FROM  
THE  
NEW YORK  
TIMES

### Obscurity and a

delicate touch of uncertainty can often add more weight to a film's credibility by allowing open interpretation to satisfy an audience. Little question marks are exciting to ponder, argue, even seethe silently over. But when *The Intruder* shifts violently from modern day Alps to 1940s Tahiti, artistic license is being abused.

Then plot threads are woven carelessly throughout the rest of the film. Swiss bank accounts, long lost sons, human hearts sold on the black market, corpses hidden under lakes - the threads come together in one huge inextricable knot that tightens around the neck of anyone still left in the cinema. *Autism* descends into autism as Denis' film opens with a Swiss border-control officer hunting

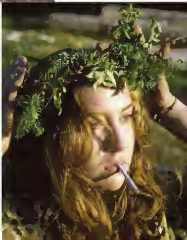
a suspect package. The plot moves rapidly to an elderly retired man lying side by side with his huskies. Lingering shots of trees, leaves and tall reeds bowing their heads as the bubbling brook gurgles past, are sprinkled in with as much coherence as the next few plotlines that appear with as much alarming rapidity as they disappear.

After backtracking over the clues left by Denis' carelessly hand grenade, the real intruder is, in fact, the film itself - an unwelcome violation of the brain for 130 minutes. **Merissa Rajan**

**Anticipation:** Denis' chocolate was delicious. **Four**

**Enjoyment:** Tasteable. **One**

**In Retrospect:** What was she thinking? **One**





## INTO THE BLUE

**Directed by Christopher Smith**  
*Starring Jessica Alba, Paul Walker, and other*

**Released 12/11/03**

### The first naked flesh

that appears in *Into The Blue* is a fat man's sub-aqua belly, a not-too-subtle joke at the expense of audience members who may have been drawn in solely on the basis of Jessica Alba and Paul Walker's toned torsos.

From here, the film gets lost in a straight-to-video plot involving drug smugglers, a shipwreck and double-crossing Bahamians. The early glimmer of wit is wholly misleading, and you soon realize that if the film is to succeed, it had better put out like there's no tomorrow.

*Into The Blue's* greatest failure, therefore, is not its facile plot but the fact that, despite some gratuitous, leering shots, the film is as sexually torpid as it is narratively tepid. **James Truitt**

**Anticipation:** Jessica Alba: too good for such work. **Tom**

**Enjoyment:** after Alba, there's really not much else. **Tom**

**In Retrospect:** sinks with all hands. **Tom**

## LAST DAYS

### Last Days is the

commemoration of Gus Van Sant's somewhat tedious musings on the final moments of Blake, a man who very much resembles Kurt Cobain. Yet by avoiding all biographical reference to the troubled musician's life, the film at least escapes being classed as yet another Cobain-inspired rockumentary (Hype, 1990, and Kurt and Courtney, 1995).

Van Sant's vision translates into a collection of extraordinary plain sequences. At a party (feed, parastoking) pace we encounter Blake making meconium omelets, apathetically watching television and being harassed by his freewheeling friends (Julius Hays, Asia Argento, Scott Green) for money. Van Sant romanticizes the seemingly mundane to deliver an experience that is sensory as well as intimate. Yet

despite the film's lyrical depiction of the inner-workings of a soul in transition, *Last Days* fails to satisfy the more critical dimensions of our morbid curiosity, leaving us thirsty for a more factual account of one of the most complex and enigmatic figures of the '90s. **Lawrence**

**Anticipation:** With Cobain dead and buried, it's the Van Sant factor which will draw us in. **Tom**

**Enjoyment:** Van Sant's style won't satisfy viewers who are accustomed to more conventional techniques. **Tom**

**In Retrospect:** A rather indulgent artistic departure from the traditional frame of storytelling. **Tom**



Paul Smith  
WATCH



## THE BUSINESS

GRANT AND MITCHELL ARE THE ONLY TWO ACTORS WHO RETURNED TO THE FILM

BY JEFF LABRECQUE

### The Business seems

to be confused by its ambition, is it trying to be a gangster flick (not 'en' enuff) or the next version of *Look, Stick!* (not funny enough)? It's sporadically amusing, but settles up as a late-night edition of "Grant and Phil Mitchell on tour." Writer/director Nick Lowe, of the Football Factory fame, apparently knocked up the script for *The Business* in four weeks but a little more time would have been well worth it.



Frankie (Denny Dyer) performs unconvincingly enough as a charming, rapacious/loveable rogue (delete as appropriate) who fits over to Spain in the midst of the Thatcherite '80s. Like so many before him, he gets sucked into the gangster life but, shockingly, it all goes bad for him in the end. The rest of the cast are fine, but two Cockney soundbites, Charlie and Sammy (Tanner Hession and Geoff Bell) get the best lines and are ultimately the most convincing

When *The Business* shines is in its attention to detail, particularly in recreating the extraneous-free "Cocke-de-Gram" soundtrack (a perfect fit, and the '80s style is nicely evoked [look out for the scene where Frankie goes out to buy some evening wear]). The film suffers from a lack of sex, drugs and violence—pretty much essential to this genre—but in doing so achieves a kind of naive charm. *Mark Kille*

**Anticipation:** *Rock Love* still hasn't been given a proper budget to work with. *Two*

**Enjoyment:** *Possible* enough, but suffers from forced dialogue and formulaic messages. *Three*

**In Retrospect:** still hasn't decided whether to pluck it out of the bargain bin when it appears. *Three*



## ROCK LOVE

GRANT AND MITCHELL ARE THE ONLY TWO ACTORS WHO RETURNED TO THE FILM

BY JEFF LABRECQUE

### Essentially a real-life

version of 2003's *School Of Rock*, *Rock School* follows the escapades of self-styled guitar mission Paul Green on his zealous mission to teach a class of nine to 17-year-olds how to play Sabbath, Floyd and Zeppelin. A la *School Of Rock*, Green is a failed musician. But unlike Jack Black, Green revels in making teenage girls cry.

First-time director Don Argott is smart enough to realize that pointing the camera at nine-year-olds and getting them to talk freely will always produce killer material.

The film's cinematic performance is therefore a moment that's more heart-warming than it really has any right to be. *Adam Buxton*

**Anticipation:** *School Of Rock* seems Jack Black's *Yours*. *Two*

**Enjoyment:** *Funny* and unusual, the kids shine through. *Four*

**In Retrospect:** a potential home feature turned into a decent film. *Three*



## ONE NIGHT IN MONGKOK

With its gritty, no-holds-barred violence, *One Night in Mongkok* is a real shocker.

**On Screen:**  
The Violence

### Shot in black-and-

white with a handheld style reminiscent of TV dramas such as *24*, this fast-paced chase film constantly delivers while dodging some familiar cinematic pitfalls. Set in the seedy underworld of Hong Kong, the smells and sights are vivid to anyone who has spent time in an Asian city. The opening scenes jerk you out of the real world, though the characters take time to show their full potential as they battle the sheer darkness of their plight.

In simple terms, this is a straightforward tale of cops tracking down an assassin in a mud-ran landscape. However, under the veneer of the inevitable stereotypes there are strong performances from the police posse, the assassin and a variety of larger-than-life criminal characters.

The vicious nature of the film's climax brutally ends a journey comparable to a heavy night of drinking. It begins slightly nervy, unsure where to start, humour and belligerence follow as the characters find their feet; griddiness as shots are downed (well, fired) and the emotional fallout of the various relationships is measured, finally hitting the wall as the hero gets it, and the carnage is complete. **Snafu** **Fighting**

**Anticipation:** Hong Kong cop films have a good track record. **Three**

**Enjoyment:** Yeses, varlets and stick. **Four**

**In Retrospect:** Unusually exciting and well worth another look. **Four**

## GHOST IN THE SHELL 2: INNOCENCE

With its sleek, futuristic look, *Ghost in the Shell 2: Innocence* is a real shocker.

**On Screen:**  
The Violence

### The unprecedented

recendency of Japanese animation offers the genre a stark choice. Though it remains refreshingly averse to the smoke-fueled that reflects so many of its Oriental stablemates, its very liberality poses a thorny problem for Western admirers. While the post-apocalyptic polish of recent releases (*Appleseed*, *Sky Blue*) has made it clear, they've also been alienated by an otherworldly provincialism.

*Ghost in the Shell 2: Innocence* does little to redress this balance. Possessed of

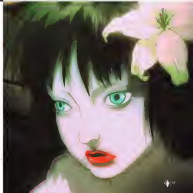
jaw-dropping CG visuals, Mamoru Oshii's sci-fi sequel is, nevertheless, a brain-tingling jaunt through the principles of existentialist philosophy, that's crying out for some life of its own.

It's gritty as a picture, but just as two-dimensional that *Innocence*.

**Anticipation:** *Innocence* is a giant of anime. **Four**

**Enjoyment:** *Building* but occasionally brilliant. **Two**

**In Retrospect:** *Reddressing* beguiling and research. **Three**



# A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

RELEASED  
ON DVD

DIRECTED BY  
David Cronenberg  
STARRING Viggo  
Mortensen, Matt Smith,  
Melanie Lynskey, Eric Robson

CRONENBERG'S GUNNIE-SQUAD EPIC IS A SHAKING SLICE OF POST-MODERN AMERICAN DYSFUNCTION. IT'S A COMIC BOOK, JIM, BUT NOT AS YOU KNOW IT

## We had no right to

expect anything like this from David Cronenberg. Nothing in his career so far, from body-horror beginnings (*Shivers*, *The Brood*) to garish commercial experiments (*Scanners*, *The Fly*) to radiative atomic distinctions (*M. Butterfly*, *Spider*), has even hinted at this. *A History of Violence* – a comedy, a satire, a love story, a sexual postmodern (what else) and a belated-to-the-wall pump-action extravaganza. All of this and more. “It works on all those levels,” said Cronenberg at Cannes. “The personal, the national, the universal. They’re all being discussed without it being too overt.” And it never is. Instead, it slips sweetly from genre to genre, cutting in and out of form and function until gone-blown face and safely embraces, comedy punchline and slasher sex scene tumble and roll together as one towards a cleverly witty, rather high-stakes face-off finale.

And there he is at the centre of it all. Small-town, clean-living Tom Stall. Family man, diner owner, hatchback driver and poker-upper of latter. Says, “Holy cow!” and “See you in church!” As

played by Viggo Mortensen, Tom is a beautiful soft-touch revelation for an actor who often seems dislikable of his craft even while he’s chewing scenery – someone who acts like he’d rather be elsewhere. Violence is different here. Mortensen’s occasionally weedy, edgy voice hints at a whistling vulnerability, while he wears his thundering bottom jaw like an affliction. He’s never been more real, more delicate and more heroic at the same time.

Tom doesn’t like violence but, like the fundamental reality of all good Westerns (like *Shane*, in particular) when the bad men ride into town, he has no choice. Swathed coffee pots and stolen handguns blast. The blink of an eye. Like Alan Ladd, John Deere, *Endwood*, Reno, Mr. Smith or Arnold Schwarzenegger, he trip-switches into the role of murder machine, bleeding and breaking through the daffy eddies of movie violence. Who knew that Cronenberg and violent action heroes would be such a good match? Choreographing with gusto, the director executes it like a rapid-fire chopstick waiter. In fact, for a movie about violence,

the effects of violence, the roots of violence and all elements of violence on every Cronenbergian level, imagine this, it’s when the movie actually depicts violence that it gloriously overplays its hand. For here’s the rub. *A History of Violence* LOVES violence.

It doesn’t say so at first. No, at first, it gives you the handy rubric of Tom’s home life. Violence as infection. Tom’s son Jack (Anton Haimel) punches the high-school jerk to a pulp. Tom slaps Jack across the face. Even Tom’s sex life is infected, as his faltering, interracial romance with wealthy wife Eileen (Melanie Lynskey) is sublimated into one clumsy, brutal, staccato hate-fuck. “Self” says the movie. See what violence does to the sanctity of the family unit? And it’s not just the family either. The family is a metaphor. Tom’s town is a metaphor. Tom himself is a metaphor. For what? For nothing less than the foundational moment of American society.

And yet. And yet. *A History of Violence* LOVES violence. Tom’s high-stakes face-off finale is as accomplished a slice of orchestrated screen mayhem as

you’re likely to see all year. Was this the original graphic novel, the movie’s source material, from Dredd co-creator John Wagner? Cronenberg says that he doesn’t care. That he didn’t even know about it until it was too late. And thankfully, unlike *Sin City*, he didn’t resort to transcribing Violence illustrator Vince Lockard’s solidly sketchy drawings to the screen. No chance for Cronenberg. Instead, what he’s made, what he’s done, is something unique. He’s taken violence off the streets and put it back into the heart of the American family. And in the process, he’s made his most commercial, most effective and most subversive move to date. *Five Stars*

**Anticipation:** And another comic-book movie? One

**Enjoyment:** Relentlessly compelling. An ever-changing relationship with the screen. Five

**In Retrospect:** Well, like the best superhero movie ever, only not. Four





## FAMILIA RODANTE

1994, Brazil

PG-13

### Put an episode of

*Eastenders* in a camper van, add the spicy heat of South American temper tantrums and throw in one snail dog... and you've got *Familia Rodante*. Pablo Trapero traces the journey of Sirlin, an 84-year-old grandma from Buenos Aires as she travels to her niece's wedding on the border of Brazil. She is accompanied by four generations of her "Rolling Family" — plus her granddaughter's horny friend.

As a result of being forced together in the stifling heat of

their refugee conditions, the uncontrollable nature of human carnality is torn open, pushed to extremes and revealed with brutal honesty.

Sirlin's grandson has recently crossed the testosterone threshold and lost his ruddy pre-pubescent glow, becoming something of a stud to his cousin. Much to her distress, he sees the downside of getting intimate with her and opts for sex with her best friend in the toilet — only making way for his mother and uncle to take their

turn. Horrowes seep through the cracks of the rusty old van by the bucket load. Remaining true to the haphazard beauty of family trips, the family arrive half way through the wedding ceremony after what feels like a month of traveling, but the sudden liberation from the van blows a breath of calm over the film and the famous pace slows to a contented, foot-tapping beat.

Trapero's omniscient narrator allows for a quietly unbiased observation of each family member, without forcing

the audience into pre-determined alliances with any one character. The film leaves the audience in high spirits, but with little left to cheer on once the credits roll. *Stevie Negen*

**Anticipation...** A South American version of *Bad Trip*? **Three**

**Enjoyment...** Vegetarianism and incest. **Three**

**In Retrospect...** Best watched straight on. **Two**

1994, USA  
PG-13  
PG-13  
PG-13

## ASYLUM

PG-13

### Anyone arriving at

*Asylum* geared for 50 minutes of flinching and gasping needn't worry. Despite attempts to create a sinister setting in a secluded '50s mental asylum (urgent footsteps and distant wails on long bleak corridors), the film is never more than a string of dull incidents and stilted conversations.

Max Raphael (Hugh Bonneville), the new deputy superintendent, arrives at a suitably uninviting gothic fortress with his wife Stella. The oppressive atmosphere induces Stella to embark on an affair with bolder (Merton Cookes), a fairly

sultry patient. Max's colleague, Dr. Cresser (Jim McKellen) warns to Stella via futile and they give in to passion and self-absorption.

*Asylum* feels as a film, a two-part mini-drama for TV would have been much more fitting. *Lucy Wilton*

**Anticipation...** Ready to be scared. **Three**

**Enjoyment...** Not scared, just bored. **Two**

**In Retrospect...** *Asylum* kept me awake at night. **One**

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## HOWL'S MOVING CASTLE

Howl's Moving Castle  
Directed by Hayao Miyazaki  
1964

### You will probably

hear the words "magical", "breathtaking", "imaginative", and "magical" being thrown around upon the release of *Howl's Moving Castle*. Hayao Miyazaki's latest animated epic. As it happens, it's a pretty dazzling spectacle that turns a predictably odd Japanese interpretation of Victorian Alps-ches with Miyazaki's usual procession of flamboyant characters.

The principal character, Sohlis, has plenty in common with the heroines of Miyazaki's previous outings and Howl (the owner of a splendid moving castle) has that rare sensitivity we look for in heroes, as well as a startling

resemblance to David Bowie in *Labyrinth*. The adventure is also underpinned by a bizarre romance between the principal characters, but despite that, there's plenty to suggest that Howl is in fact gay.

A massive amount of magic is feverishly flung around as Howl's castle stomps from lush green hillside to craggy mountain peak. The castle itself is perhaps the most entertaining thing about the film – an endearing, Pythonesque mix of *Mary Poppins'* handbag and a Bavarian dungeon. Under-12s will wear their own.

That said, the film tells down as all of these whimsical contrivances are horribly overplayed. *Merry-go-round*

spectacle piles up to the point where it becomes frustrating and uncharacteristically colourless. After an hour or so, the film is little more than a dazzling drone staggering towards its final message: the tentatively insubstantial notion that, sigh, war is bad.

If cinema ever becomes the industry of cool that some people are desperate to make it, Miyazaki will deservedly be installed as its CEO. But the truth is, for all the troubles garnered by *Spirited Away* and the clamorous accolades of awe-struck admirers, the Miyazaki who made the tender and thunderous epic of the past 10 years has been missing since the West came calling. His

imagination remains an instrument of limitless fantasy, but his sensibilities have lost the whiff of danger that defined his early work. Perhaps it's Miyazaki himself who's been spirited away. *Not altogether*

**Anticipation:** Massive – as much as expected from the majestic Studio Ghibli. **Five**

**Enjoyment:** Isolated flashes of charming edginess. **Little else. Three**

**In Retrospect:** Still Miyazaki, ever delivers the quality of *Mononoke* again. **One**

## An interview With Alessandro Nivola, star of *Goal!*

**LWL:** You're from LA—where most actors get their big break—so how did you end up acting in England?

**Nivola:** I've kind of done the opposite. People seem to say to get their big break and London's been my opportunity. It was very random. I met Tim Rothman who cast me in the role of a Hungarian hitman. I was living in LA and my neighbour asked me to come over because he wanted to show me something. We were rummaging in a cupboard and took out this crumpled piece of paper containing a phone number and told me to get in touch with this girl who he'd met at a *Modeling* audition. When I came over to do the film, I took out this girl's telephone number (British actress, Emily Mortimer) and realized she was in the production (*James'* Madonna Grant). Two weeks later, I asked her out. And it's most of all married from there.

**LWL:** Filming *Goal!* must have been fun. Did you get to play much football?

**Nivola:** Just a bit! It was funny because during the making of the film, I had to run out after some of the Newcastle matches and throw my arms around the footballers. I was number 10, that was on the back of my jersey, and people were confused because number 10 had just been let go—on the Newcastle website the next day, there was a picture of the back of me wearing the shirt and a big red question mark on my cap. 'Who the fuck is this guy?'

**LWL:** You've played some decent characters in the past—tell us more about your run in *Goal!*

**Nivola:** I play an English footballer called Gavin Harris. I am basically the purveyor of bad education for Santiago—I have a drunken lifestyle and, run by my adolescent instincts, but rather out of generosity, I want to include Santiago in my lifestyle—I want him to enjoy himself, but he ends up getting into all sorts of trouble.

**LWL:** What do you think you would do if you weren't acting?

**Nivola:** I don't know. Acting is such a fucking hard job. It's only by virtue that I don't know what else to do. I don't take anything else seriously. It gives me a chance to indulge my children. For *James'* Ouyang I got to be a musician and for *Goal!* I got to hang around a football. It's good to dip in and out of children. If I wasn't acting, I'm not sure what I would do with myself. **Lisa Han**



## GOAL!

by  
Lisa Han

GOAL! is a  
funny, fast-paced  
comedy about

### Director Danny Cannon

(of *CSI* fame) took a risk when he decided to make a film about English football. Football fans have been done before (*Green Street*, *The Football Factory*) and generally done pretty badly. His film debut *Goal!*, runs the gamut of a fired and over-sentimental paradigm as a poor boy makes good and, in doing so, fails to distinguish itself.

It's a story about Santiago (Kuno Becker), a down-and-out Mexican boy who has a passion and a God-given skill for soccer. As the stepson of an English soccer, Santiago travels to England to try out for Newcastle United. Heron the story moves to a predictable trajectory as Santiago struggles to prove his worth.

Despite the inevitable clichés that ensue with such a narrative,

*Goal!* is enjoyable enough, with a solid acting ensemble which includes Stephen Dillane, newcomer Kuno Becker and Alessandro Nivola, who brings comic relief with his cheeky character, Gavin Harris. There are cameo from David Beckham, Raul and Zinedine Zidane, but little else. *Goal!* is what it is—an easy story for hardcore football fans only. **Lisa Han**

**Anticipation:** Football fans have a poor track record. **Two**

**Enjoyment:** The critics will slash at how the picture will lose at. **Three**

**In Retrospect:** Like a mid-air show. **Two**

## BROKEN FLOWERS

JIM JARMUSCH'S NEW MOVIE IS ABOUT NOTHING AND EVERYTHING. IT'S ALSO 2007'S FIRST ROMA FIDE CLASSIC

### Every decade, America

spawns a clutch of directors who, to a certain extent, make movies on their own terms. The Coen brothers, Spike Lee, Todd Haynes, Quentin Tarantino and Jim Jarmusch are some of those who in the '70s dedicated themselves to non-conformism. Their movies often elude the mainstream, but when the Doornaday Book of movie history is written, these are the guys that anyone who gives a fig about film will remember.

Jim Jarmusch is the creative force behind an intimidating oeuvre – additions such as *Dead Man*, *Mystery Train* and *Down by Law* make his veritable rogues' gallery of originality, integrity and emotion. *Broken Flowers* may at first seem like a new direction, but this is vintage Jarmusch. Pure gold.

There was a point where it became de rigueur to window dress a movie with ironic, ironic better that has no relation to the main narrative. Jarmusch takes these slight, elliptical "scenes" and flashes them out into movies, making the simple truth that interesting stories make for interesting films.

*Broken Flowers* opens with the over-meatiness Bill Murray as Don, opening a note he finds on his doorstep that claims to be from an (un-named) former lover saying that whilst they were together

she became pregnant by him and gave birth to a son who is now 16-year-old. Don and his neighbour Winston (Jeffrey Wright) go on a road trip to visit his ex-girlfriends and ultimately discover who sent the letter.

With Johnston Murrey's cinematic transcendence from comic relief bit-partist during the '80s and '90s to leading man and embodiment of dramatic subtlety, he's hit his epogee. It's a performance which combines the haughty mystique of Steve Zissou and the world-weary, pained smile of Bob Harris to heartbreaking effect.

The trip commences and Don reconvenes with four of his ex-girlfriends. Each reunion gives clues to Don's back-story. All parties, without exception, remember Don (a sign he hasn't changed in over 20 years) and, perhaps as a result of meeting him, have made drastic changes to their own lives. Laura (Sharon Stone) is a widower with a daughter named Lolita, Don (Frances Conroy) is a rigid real estate dealer, German (Jessica Lange) is an animal communicator and Penny (Tilda Swinton) is under fresh.

Far from using their seemingly bizarre lifestyles as a springboard for Murray's sardonic quips, Jarmusch makes it clear that these are the people living in America

today. Periody and anecdote are outlawed from the off. The outcome of Don's Americana-driven journey, whereas Jarmusch's commitment to the ideas of randomness, chance and coincidence delivering an altogether more thoughtful and true-to-life ending.

In many ways *Broken Flowers* feels like an unofficial sequel to *Lost in Translation*. You could feasibly view it as what Bob Harris did next. In this respect, *Broken Flowers*, appropriately, feels the more mature film.

As is now standard for Jarmusch, the soundtrack selection is impeccable (especially Holly Golightly singing "The Kink's 'Till Me Now So I Know" over the closing credits), the photography is simple and expressive and the editing is unhampered and elegant. In short, it's a film which bubbles with understated style and pathos. It's the whole package. *Broken Flowers* will not only get under your skin, but into your soul. Best define.

**Anticipation:** Year 33 never lost Jarmusch. Far

enjoyment. And that's being generous. The

In retrospect, do and see a better film than you. We double dare you. The





## LORD OF WAR

Lord of War  
Ethan Hawke  
Nic Cage

Jeffrey Tambor

### FOUR PEOPLE DECIDED DEAD OF WAR

Q So what did you think? Hold on, your burger's coming (loudly into microphone) And it's burger's reserve. Tell you what, that start sequence was fucking awesome — reminiscent of James Bond.

Q Also another scene in the movie that was brilliant was when they stripped the plane.

A I really enjoyed it, but it's weird how the film begins with Nic Cage selling one Uzi from a hotel room, and then suddenly he's in Sierra Leone or somewhere selling rocket launchers.

A But it was almost a trait of the film — how scenes jumped around.

Q I think it was a good thing. It kept the film moving along at a fair old whack. All Cage's story was... he was just a great character.

Q Yeah, he was completely smooth. He knew precisely what he was doing, but chose to continue

anyway. He was like a child, driven by base instinct. But everyone else was complicit in his actions. His wife, his brother, the rest of his family, his uncle even. The only decent guy in it was Ethan Hawke's character — he was the only one with any morals.

Q At the end, what's the movie trying to say? That good men will be made to look like fools and evil will prevail?

A I was bored by Ethan Hawke, he was about as substantial as a piece of paper. Jared Leto was shit as well. I hated him in *American Psycho* too. I hated him in this. He had the same haircut all the way through and the same jacket. There was a really unconvincing passage of time.

Q So your own objection is his haircut and his jacket?

Q That's a good point though because the film is set over 20 years, so you expect something what or epic, but it just felt lightweight.

Q Maybe having Nic Cage be

so charismatic and making these wise cracks in the voice over, only killing someone once, and reluctantly — he comes across as a pretty likable character. But maybe in doing this, the film is trying to subvert the audience and force them to look a bit harder at what is happening and what he is doing. He is making these jokes while selling arms to children and providing the means for genocide and ethnic cleansing. He's a funny guy, he looks out for his brother.

Q But he sells guns to kids. He keeps saying that if it wasn't him, someone else would be doing it. He abdicates responsibility again and again for what he's doing. Is it saying that we're all responsible for what's happening — that we're all apathetic bastards?

Q I'm not sure about that, I never sold guns to kids. Something Matt was saying recently after watching *Land of the Dead*, was about how there is no radical or alternative political thought left in America, which I'm not sure I agree with, but

one of the defining characteristics of our generation is an indifference and apathy that I think is much stronger than has ever been seen before. Maybe Nic Cage represents a society that just doesn't give a fuck about anything.

A It was a great two hours of entertainment, but for me, there was no moral message, or if there was, it was overblown by the guns and action.

Q It feels like it ought to be a film that gets me talking about racism and politics and morality, but it just won't. So anyway — anticipation?

A Can you do half marks?

Q A D. Not.

A OK, I'm gonna say 4 stars.

Q 4 for me too.

A 3 for anticipation. And for enjoyment, 4.

A I'll say 4 and a half.

Q What the fuck? What did we just say? You know giving four people's marks is going to be way too complicated.

Q Yeah. Fuck it.

MARK: 3/20/07

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## OLIVER TWIST

Oliver Twist is a classic tale of a young boy who is orphaned and ends up in a workhouse.

Oliver Twist is a classic tale of a young boy who is orphaned and ends up in a workhouse.

### There are a few

characteristics which should make a memorable *Oliver Twist* movie: No singing, Bullseye, Nancy, and, crucially, Fagin. Ben Kingsley is truly magnificent in his portrayal of the Jewish master criminal, subtle, wordless and with a passing nod to Alfred Hitchcock's *Sleepers*. His disturbing, almost perverse elation as he rubs and sniffs golden pocket watches and strings of pearls from a box hidden in the floor, is wonderful. Fagin loves his boys alright, but all they really are to him are thrifty machines. Fagin doesn't bit or yell when Bill Sikes decides to

throw Oliver in the Thames like a kitten in a sack.

This is not the "You've got to pick a pocket or two..." *Oliver Twist* that whistles its way across schools nationwide. Polanski's Dickensian vision is darker and more hostile. There's a genuine sigh of relief when the magistrate refuses a monstrous looking chimney sweep permission to take Oliver away from the workhouse. The harrowing description of how he would light fires underneath boys to stop them from starving off scared the living shit out of Oliver, and was indicative of the brooding atmosphere the film creates.

Oliver, like all Olivers, cries a lot, is very cute and barely speaks 55 words in the entire film. Oliver really is the plum role for lazy but precocious stage school drop-outs.

Nancy provides Oliver with the first love of any kind from a woman since his mother's death, and Leanne Rowe shows some real venom in this rarely-remembered role. She shows real hatred whilst beating Fagin because he wants to consign Oliver to the same life of crime as he did to her.

In this depressing tale of London lowlives, themes of killing, stealing and starving are a gift for Polanski's pessimistic world

view. He strips away the sugary stickiness the story has gathered over the past century and shows us that life for some in Victorian Britain could be a grim struggle indeed. **Mark Giam**

**Anticipation:** Not looking forward to seeing another musical. **Two**

**Enjoyment:** Polanski's typically darker point of view as a joy to watch. **three**

**In Retrospect:** We hope it scares your kids. **Four**



## BORN TO FIGHT

**ANTICIPATION**  
Panna Rittikrai's  
cinematic high-risk  
stunt work on *Born to Fight*  
is a real-life action

**ENJOYMENT**  
The film's  
action is a real-life



**Panna Rittikrai, the** fight choreographer of  *Ong-Bak*, brings his trademark high-risk stunt work on *Born to Fight* to the screen with *Born to Fight*

The plot is water thin and heretofore contrived, but then how else do you get a revenge cap. The Thai National Sports Team and a village of martial arts superstars, to take on an army of gun-wielding, drug-trafficking guerrillas on the Thai-Burmese border?

The few moments that are given over to character exposition and plot development are shoehorned into what is essentially one long, incendiary, beautifully choreographed and completely thrilling action sequence. Once the set-up is in place it's time to cut loose. The action is unrelenting with a mixture of outrageous stunts, hilarious set-pieces, athletic ability and thrilling martial arts — including small kickboxing children

and a one-legged cripple who delivers one-hat of a roundhouse.

The finale is drenched in pathetic symbols and Thai nationalism, the heroes toiling around the anthem and carrying the flag into battle. If this were a Hollywood flick it would be schmaltzy and sickening, here it's sweet and inspiring. This could be a hypocritical, narrow-minded, and possibly condescending European viewpoint, but then in Thailand,

everyone's born to fight. *Aaron Santora*

**Anticipation.** Thai martial artist *Born to Fight*

**Enjoyment.** There's a football kicking boxing scene at a non-fair

**In Retrospect.** A paucity of deep thought but a great adrenaline fix. *Three*



## WOLF CREEK

**ANTICIPATION**  
The film's  
action is a real-life

**ENJOYMENT**  
The film's  
action is a real-life

**Slasher films are still** coming thick and fast despite the Screen franchise's best efforts to kill the genre. But despite staying within accepted horror rules, *Wolf Creek* succeeds where so many have failed.

Loaded up with booze and party spent, three feisty young backpackers set off to visit meteorite crater Wolf Creek for a quick R&D moment. But when they're kidnapped by the skull-cracking, bushwhacking Mick Taylor (think *Crocodile Dundee* gone bad — with a bigger knife), what follows is a game of bloody cat-and-mouse. After making you wait so long for the screams,

helmer Greg McLean doesn't disappoint. *Wolf Creek* sets the benchmark for horror films this year: see it, go home, lock your door, draw your curtains and cancel your gap year. *Rob Drake*

**Anticipation.** Most of which shot this low-budget horror to the top of slasher to see this year *Four*

**Enjoyment.** Not one for the kids. *Four*

**In Retrospect.** One day, all horror films will be made this way. *Three*



## NIGHT WATCH (NOCHNOY DOZOR)

**One of the cold hard** truths you learn from your school days is that there are no marks for effort. You can put your heart and soul into your work, but if what you're doing is crap, you're going to damn well fail. *Nightwatch* fits this truism perfectly. There's plenty of dedication on display, but from the off, it feels like a doomed enterprise.

For starters, the plot of *Nightwatch* is as convoluted that attempting to paraphrase it is almost impossible. The action opens on an old-fashioned bullet-time battle, overlaid with the pondering of a home-thrashed narrator who introduces us to the elemental beings known as "light

ones" and "dark ones". Naturally, they are at constant war with each other until, one day, they arrive at a truce. Inevitably though, things begin to strain when light one Anton (Konstantin Khabensky) kills a vampire (a dark one) to protect a small boy. Sub-plots about mystical vortexes, people with the ability to meld into animals and rocket-powered lorries are played out for a lengthy and overwrought 110 minutes.

In its defence, *Nightwatch* contains some interesting effects and director Timur Bekmambetov does his best to keep the pace rolling along—a pulsed-back exposition shot of the final rooftop

battle is particularly noteworthy. However, the action is hampered by an over-reliance on time-lapse photography and seemingly random bouts of speed-camera movement. For those who don't find the plot complicated enough, the subtitles have been integrated into the action so they move and pulsate in synchopson with the camera and the syntax of the speech. Annoying doesn't even begin to describe it.

In the days of the Soviet Bloc, severe infringements were placed on the output of Russian cinema, but this is not the start of the revolution. *Nightwatch* tries its damndest to disassociate itself

with Mother Russia in the hope that it can be used as a Hollywood calling card, but in doing so, misses something to link the story to the real world. Ultimately *Nightwatch* has no sense of place and consequently has no sense of soul. **David Jenkins**

**Anticipation:** The thriller looked like Tom Hanks doing the Matrix. **Four**

**Enjoyment:** *Conspiration of Darkleaf*, and then some. **Two**

**In Retrospect:** As much happened in little halfhearted. **Two**





## LORDS OF DOGTOWN

LUNATIC PIN AND ADDENALIN SKATE TO SAMI ALPPALA BEGS AN AUDIENCE WITH THE DOGTOWN NERD LOOKS LIKE STACKY PERALTA TOO, SO YOU CAN TRUFF HIM

**It was entertaining** to read how film newsmen from the *Guardian* to the *Daily Telegraph* put their weight and authority behind the history of skateboarding.

They were analyzing the birth of the sport as laid down in the press release of *Lords of Dogtown*. It made me realize that a reviewer doesn't need to form their own opinion, or know anything about the subject as long as they believe those stapled sheets "imagine" kids in the sixties had no bones, no nothing and they came up with this new sport - skateboarding! - and damn were they crazy or what?!"

You should read *Lords of*

*Dogtown* as a history book (that "inspired by true happenings" statement in the beginning is only there to cover the loopholes) but it is an entertaining take on an era, and how the things that followed were shaped. A bit like *Top Gun* and modern air combat.

Stacky Peralta - original *Dogtown* skater and the man behind the project - made a major, award-winning documentary of the same subject not too long ago (*Dogtown and Z-Boyz*, 2001). So, I have been wondering why this movie exists. Here's a few reasons: great soundtrack, jokes that you only get if you know your skateboarding, footage of some modern skaters

skating old-school style. Skip Etnelson, make money and sell more sevens. Vans.

*Lords of Dogtown* is just another film about adolescence (with added skateboarding) and it's not that bad when fighting in its own league (second choice for high-school movies). It's embarrassing, entertaining, a little bit nostalgic, and a great reason to re-read the press release in a newspaper, if you have nothing else to say. And, if you are one of those "I used to skate" guys, you're gonna love it. *Sami Alppala*.

Give it two skateboards out of five or something 'cos I love that shit...



## SARABAND

**STARRING**  
Catherine Keener  
Liam Neeson  
Michael Gambon

**THE  
CRAZY**

### You're all guilty of

perfecting on past romances and wondering, if given our time again, how we would do things differently? A film that evokes the complexity and futility of these feelings can be a wonderful and touching experience. This is Lombard's intention, but it never manages to make the necessary connection.

The film opens with Marinne's (Keener) decision to revisit her ex-husband Johan (Neeson). The fact that she has not seen him for 35 years is of little consequence and some bunny-sleazy behaviour drags Marinne into a family rift that wouldn't look out of place on Jerry Springer. *Saraband* is filled with unrelenting and shrill

cello music, pretentious acting and claustrophobic close-ups. Bergman's latest opus isn't offensive, disturbing or upsetting even though it could be, given the subject matter. Rather it evokes nothing more than indifference. **Catherine Keener: One**

**Anticipation:** Bergman's intimate insights into complex lives promises some magic. **Three**

**Enjoyment:** Impossible to enjoy in any conventional sense. **One**

**In Retrospect:** *Saraband* that complex issues were not addressed in a more 'real' fashion. **One**

## THE ARISTOCRATS

**STARRING**  
John Williams  
Robin Williams  
Robin Williams

### The Aristocrats (v.1):

130 high-profile comedians and entertainers tell the same filthy joke in an elaborate, insightful and side-splittingly hilarious look at professional comedy and its creative process. While the not particularly funny punch-line is the same, the structure of the gag allows each performer to display their individual talent and technique.

Set back and enjoy a comedy extravaganza which celebrates the art of improvisation. This is comedy as jazz, free of constraints everyone bringing their own riff and melody to the party and trying to outdo each other in the laughter stakes. Enter the inner circle of entertainment as this legendary joke, a "secret hand-shake" among comedians is exposed.



### The Aristocrats (v.2):

A bunch of comedians spit out an offensive trade of sociological, paedophilic, incestuous, bestiality-based racist, flat-fucking filth. *The Aristocrats* is a misguided attempt to document an otherwise, outrageous joke of unapologetic obscenity. **Austin Bonstedt**

**Anticipation:** A stellar line-up of comedians.

including John Williams and Robin Williams should guarantee a laugh-track. **Four**

**Enjoyment:** Some genuinely funny performances but many will walk out. **Three**

**In Retrospect:** Basically, one long joke about sex and family abuse. **Two**



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# THE BACK SECTION

CHAPTER FIVE, IN WHICH WE DISCUSS  
THE MEDIUM OF FILM IN ITS  
MANY MESMERISING FORMS.

*Here too:*

ROB 'THE GONG' LONGWORTH  
DESIGNER OF THE BACK SECTION

"DESIGNED WITH MORE LUCK THAN JUDGMENT" aka

*Along with:*

DAVID JENKINS &  
ADRIAN SANDIFORD  
EDITORS OF THE BACK SECTION

"SHOT IN THE BACK BY BUFORD TANNER  
OVER A MATTER OF 50 DOLLARS"

















# DIRECTORS LABEL DVDS

VOLUMES 1 & 2 ARE EN ROUTE  
WE FIND OUT MORE ABOUT  
THE MEN BEHIND THEM

Although he would probably deny it, John Gargan has been integral to the creation of The Church of New Dawn. DIRECTOR: Lorraine (ed by with the master photography) An American has more money and a rich imagination (DAD)

What made you want to move into the direction of such photography and music videos?

I REALLY FIRST MUSIC WHEN I WAS GROWING UP AND IT WAS A VIDEO I WANTED TO MAKE BEING IN. MUSIC IS SOMETHING I LOVE TO HAVE IN FRONT OF MY EYES AND IN MY MIND. I WAS A NATURAL MUSICIAN. Though I wouldn't call myself a rock photographer with rock photography, the only thing that made me to write to the person in the photograph, it doesn't really matter how it is, they're in being photographed.

What was the experience like your early photographs to make yourself first of the kinds I had wanted with, I'd show these other photos and hand portraits and they'd just say, "Why don't you do the video as well?" The first time I did it because I was pushed. It was not something that I was doing to do. By some means are some like millions of miles. There are no reviews of the center. It was only in 1985 that I picked up a Super 8 camera to film myself that I started to see a living musician.

Who have been your influences?

In the '80s, I felt that I was in between the two. I'm of Gargan, Berkeley and Los. They might look million apart, but I feel I were between them two. I'm proud that my photography is serious, but my filmmaking is more. It's meant to be funny with life.

Of the videos created on the DVD, were there any you found particularly easy or difficult to come up with?

The old ones were really difficult. I remember back then they just be with them. It was difficult to come to find them and to find yourself enough to think you could be successful. For my director's "Propaganda" video, which is in a sense my first video, I took a walk in a forest in the Los Angeles and under the video came to them. It was just music, again, when I filmed myself and I realized the idea I was writing about a new way of working and creating, about making music. It's like going to the supermarket and getting all your products. When you go there and choose to be with your food.

With the limited budget of the new videos, how much of them is the idea that were making in your head?

LOOK, MY PRODUCTION, IT'S THE PRODUCTION THAT WOULD BE. A MUSIC VIDEO IS A SOMETHING THAT WOULD BE. It's not like a performance. The DVD is a collection of things that are for sure serious, and that was my choice. There's a development and that's what I want to do. So no actual. The journey is in the world, again. Don't know.

Photo by Phil Wittegrity



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## NAME DROPPERS



### LESSON 1: ANDREI TARKOVSKY

ARE YOU LEFT-BEHIND? HERE ARE TWO MORE L.A.R. BITTERSWEETS OF THE MOVIE WORLD THAT DESERVE TO BE PLANTED IN THE GARDEN OF YOUR MIND. INSTEAD OF AN OXFORD OR HARVARD, THE TARKOVSKY CAN BE FOUND IN ONE CORNER OF THE MOST FAMOUS MOVIE THEATRE IN LOS ANGELES.

Tarkovsky was once a master of Russian cinema who used his work to speak to the West. But long after his death, when no more films are made, his work is still shown in many theaters. It is a pity that his work is not shown in many theaters here.

First, before the film starts in 1955, it is a good idea to see the movie. Tarkovsky's films are very good, but they are not the best. They are very good, but they are not the best.

His films are more or less a series of images. They are not really a story, but they are a series of images. They are not really a story, but they are a series of images.

There is a lot of time in his films. It is a good idea to see the movie. Tarkovsky's films are very good, but they are not the best. They are very good, but they are not the best.

There is a lot of time in his films. It is a good idea to see the movie. Tarkovsky's films are very good, but they are not the best. They are very good, but they are not the best.

He is a very good director. He is a very good director. He is a very good director.

## Андрей Тарковский:

### THE INSIDER

STILL, HE KNOWS WHAT TARKOVSKY DOES. HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS. HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS. HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS.

What kind of work do you do?

I'm an assistant director. I work for the production company and the art director. I work for the production company and the art director.

How often do you go into the office?

I don't think I'll ever go into the office. I don't think I'll ever go into the office. I don't think I'll ever go into the office.

What was your first professional job?

I did a couple of small films. I did a couple of small films. I did a couple of small films.

What are you currently working on?

I'm working on a new film. I'm working on a new film. I'm working on a new film.

What are the good and bad points about your job?

I love the money. I love the money. I love the money.

What advice would you give someone who wanted to do your job?

Be determined, and be willing to work in the future. Be determined, and be willing to work in the future.





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A man with an amnesia makes a horrifying link to his former life when he enrolls in medical school.



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# **CHAPTER SIX**

## **FUTURE PERFECT: A LOOK AHEAD TO THE BEST MOVIES COMING YOUR WAY**



## 20 Indiana Jones 4. Dir. Steven Spielberg

Spielberg adds, then tatty trilogy add-on, ampersand little faith in the whip-cracking, maverick. Ford is too old for this, and, while George Lucas backed his own script over Schwarzenegger's Frank Darabont. Expect riveting Star Wars-style dialogue, then. **ETA: 2007**

## 19 Die Hard 4.0. Dir. John McTiernan

raising this action Bruce Willis returns for a fourth guy as (retired, disillusioned) NY cop, John McClane. The title suggests some kind of Internet intrigue, but expect explosions aplenty, a Yankee-loving midship and GUY wiresawing. Happy hey ay, motherfucker. **ETA: 2007**

## 18 Inside Man. Dir. Spike Lee

Shelton's back, peering thru tale of a bungled heist, complete with backstage taking and even a robust psychological strand off: With Denzel Washington heading an all-star cast including Clive Owen, Julia Foster and Salma Hayek, this is shaping up to be another powerful joint from Lee. **ETA: April 2006**

## 17 Ghost Rider. Dir. Mark Stephen Johnston

Cops have been syncing up comic book properties to work for several years, and he's finally moved with the dark tale of stunt cyclist Johnny Blaze, who sells his soul to save his dying father. Bad hey, it could have been worse - at least he's not the Supeman. **ETA: August 2006**

## 16 Oil! Dir. PT Anderson

Anderson's latest is an adaptation of novelist Andrew Upton Barlow's 1993 novel, Oil! Forget backward tracking shots in the story of Harvey Kane, a 'red millionaire' oil magnate. Method novelist David Bay Lewis should star, and is probably already laying on a North Atlantic rig in preparation. **ETA: 2007**

**Wardrobe.** DILL Andrew Robinson

Geller, EYE, December 2010

**Man.** Die Welt Laßt.

kandilang- 378 5004

**(and 3).** *Do Good Yourself!*

ISBN 0-896-03666-7

## 12 A3. Dr. David Reiner

still be beautiful. **RTB** May 1994

## 11 The Fountain.

\* documentary on Marcel Duchamp: <http://www.eta-france.com>

## the water. Our 88,000 sq. ft.

twist—like, maybe the ending went rock. STM—July 1999

**09 Zodiac.** By David Fincher

as 90708 (3-5%), this has classic potential. ETS 3004

**Dal Kiy.** Dr. Richard Lickstein

the tally was 1999.

## Departed.

Jason and Patricia provide the eye candy. **RTS 2004**

**Shepherd.** Dr. Robert De Hoya

Company<sup>2</sup>: ETS 310

## 05 King Kong.

Dr Peter Jackson

There, we'd save our mother's funeral for it, but now we she only seen who fails, well, a little under shadowed by the trailer? Cornball action and ferry are dominated, leaving little impression of the dark atmosphere that King demands. They better not be taking the monkey.

RTE December 2005

## 04 The Black Dahlia.

Dr Brian De Palma

See 52 open back a shadow's killer in De Palma's take on Ellroy's '1930s novel Josh Hartnett and RoseLee Johnson star, but does movie and trailer require some quite then please? Ellroy's depicts as 'a tale of sexual obsession about the politics of murder and the fading legacy of the press.' Find us, Brian De Palma hungry. RTE 2006

## 03 Superman Returns.

Dr Bryan Singer

Returning in America, the man of steel has ventured back to earth for his fifth on-screen journey in tightest space's too tightest wall undoubtedly niches and more, while Brandon Routh looks like a better replacement for Christopher Reeve, despite a cape which is more modern than red-trunked, these shrunken count in superhero land. A worthy release, or goodbye Kryptonian? RTE June 2006

## 02 Perfume.

Dr Tom Taylor

Too 'man pale man' maybe discards another literary adp - 'Baskin's a new perfume. A man with no smell develops unrivalled olfactory senses and puts them to use creating perfume, but his search for the ultimate scent takes a dark turn. Dustin Hoffman leads a solo pair of hands alongside Ben 'Eager Cat' Stuhls. We won't make any jokes about smelling of roses. They'd stink. Sorry. RTE 2006

## 01 Jarhead.

Dr Ben Morden

Any one like about the Gulf war? as going to be viewed through a political lens, but Jarhead (a Marine Corp colloquialism for a new recruit) looks like embracing the madness of hard experience for an old-fashioned feast of guns, tanks, and sugar-chopping misery chewing by Jesse Vase. It's about how Morden was back on the bag nervy, and the trailer at least is breath-taking. RTE January 2006



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## *A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE* IN CINEMAS FROM SEPTEMBER 10TH

Check out page 70 for our thoughts on Cronenberg's latest,  
but in the meantime, for your information:

*The Kill (Cory Amerson)* lives a happy and quiet life with his family in the small town of Stillbrook, Ontario. But one winter evening is shattered when Tim finds a woman attempting suicide in the street, saving her existence and friends, but killing the two night after marriage. Tim's life is changed overnight, entering a national media circus, which forces him into the spotlight. Tim struggles with his newfound celebrity. Tim's friends return to his ordinary life only to be confronted by a mysterious and threatening man (Ed Harris) who arrives on town following Tim. It is this man who forces Tim to the past as Tim and his family fight back against the man of murder and struggle to cope with their changed reality, they are forced to confront their relationships and the sinister issues which surface as a result.

In mark the release of *A History of Violence* we have teamed up with Entertainment Film Distributors to offer you the chance to win all manner of things. All you have to do to be in with a chance is subscribe to *LWL* - is that too much to ask?

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**WOLF CREEK** 18

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**IN CINEMAS EVERYWHERE  
SEPTEMBER 16TH**

Before anyone did anything, Erism did everything.

